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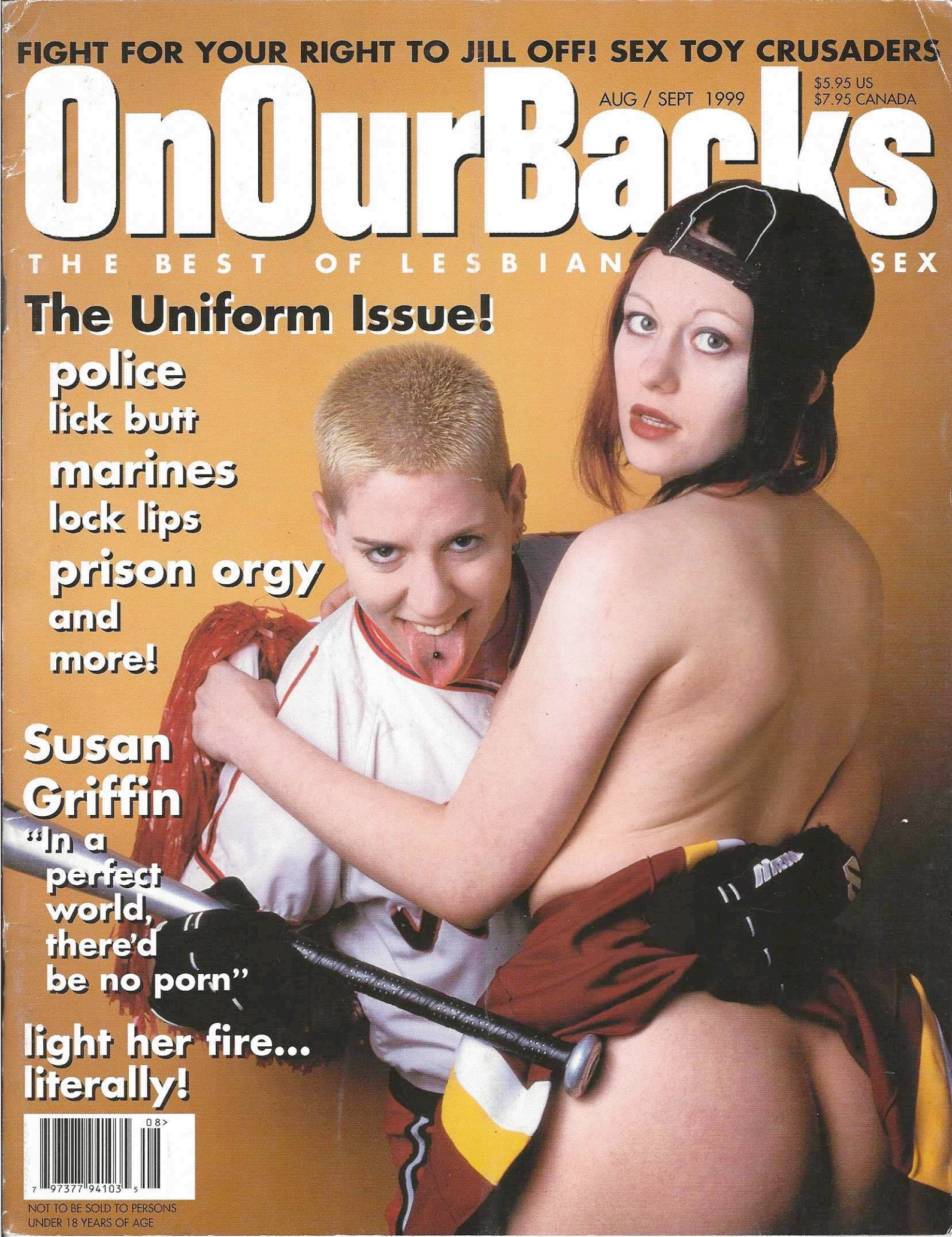

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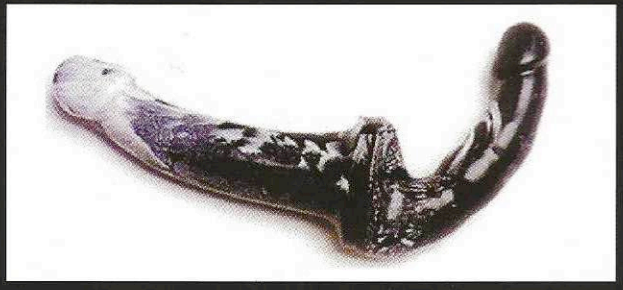

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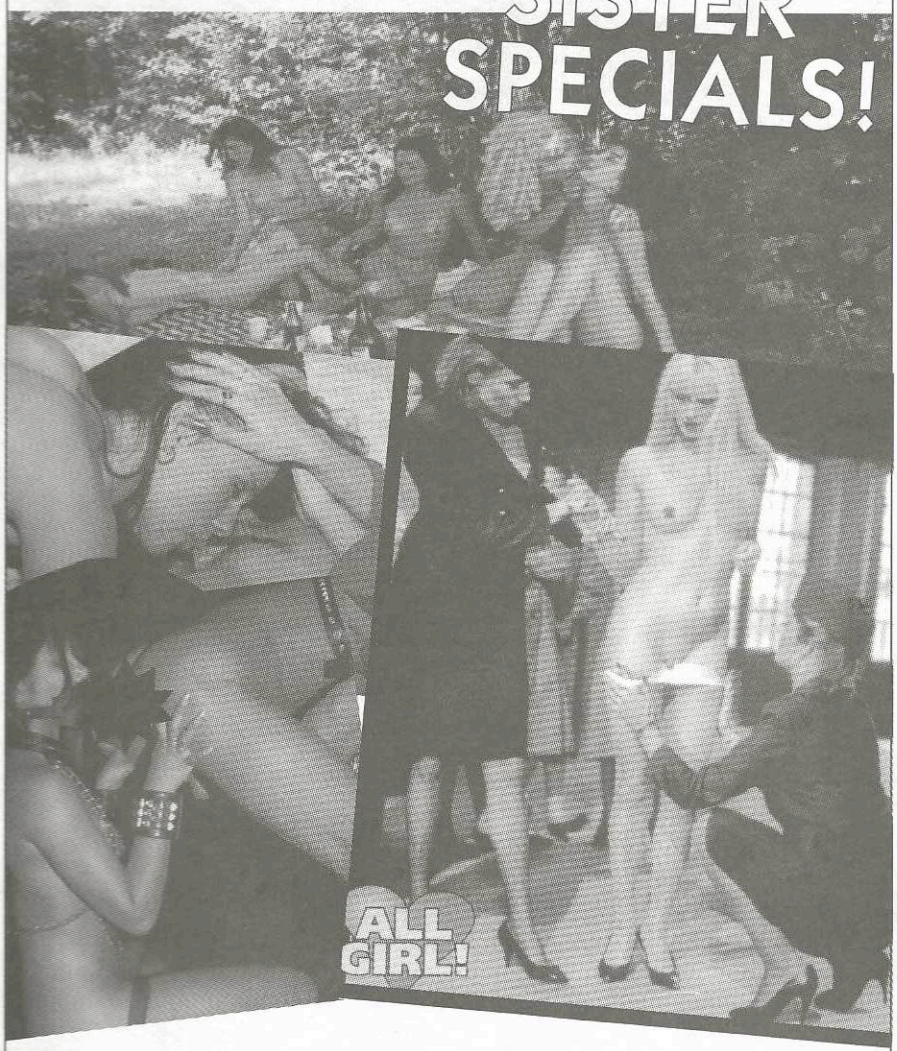

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OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 14, Issue 4

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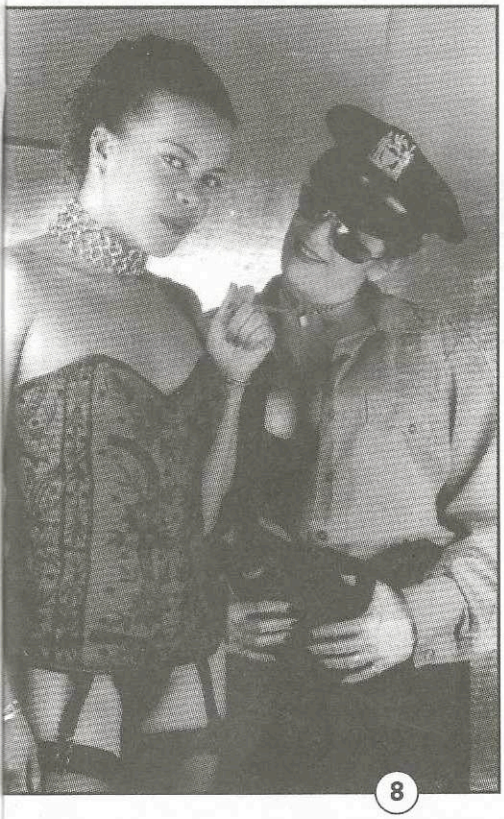
On Our Backs

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

August / September 1999
Volume 14, Issue 4

On the cover: Alex lifts the lovely Lisbeth's skirt for photographer Phyllis Christopher.



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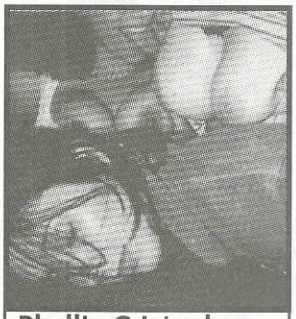
contributors

Compiled by Lori Selke

"It was the first time I've been on a ball field since I pulled a train with the girl's team in high school," declares our cover photographer **Phyllis Christopher** ("Ooooh Team!", page 22), pictured here at the end of a hard day's work photographing lesbian love acts. Formerly a photo editor at **On Our Backs** in the 1980s, she's currently working on a series of photos of women peeing in public places.



Phyllis Cristopher

Nyondo Nadi ("The Alabama Buzz Bust," page 28) is an African-American SM dyke who resides in San Francisco with her tribe of two wives, one girlfriend, a communal daughter, five cats, and way, way too many computers. "It's easy," she claims, "as long as you're not too attached to anything like a regular sleep cycle." A computer consultant and writer, Nyondo is also the founder of the support/education group "For SM Women of Color...and Their Friends." Her interest in the recent *Williams vs. Pryor* case stems from living in a household that averages much more than one vibrator per person (cats not included).

Nyondo Nadi

Jennifer Hunter ("You Want Fries With That?" page 38) has never had sex in a burger joint, but she has worked in the food service industry, and has always found the idea of the deserted workplace "after hours" extremely erotic. She's written smut for several publications (sometimes under other names), and can be found reviewing adult Web sites for *Leg Show, Juggs,* and *Tight* magazines as her alter ego "Cyberslut." She also has authored a (non-smut) book, *21st Century Wicca*, and recently was included in the feminist anthology *Letters of Intent*. Email her at jen_hunter@msn.com and say hi!

Jennifer Hunter

Diane DiMassa is a cultural radical artist committed to the voice of the squashed. She is best known for her comics-for-the-fed-up, *Hothead Paisan, Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist*, which is collected in a 348-page anthology from Cleis Press. About her illustration for "Do You Want Fries With That?" (page 38) she says, "I'm not bi, I only like girls. This is not a phase. I don't eat fast food, much less work there, but I have had sex on counters, with great results. I'll have to consider the visor thing, though." To see more of DiMassa's art, go to www.hotheadpaisan.com or e-mail HeyHothead@aol.com. (Snailmail to Giant Ass Publishing, P.O. Box 1242, Northampton, MA 01061.)

Diane DiMassa

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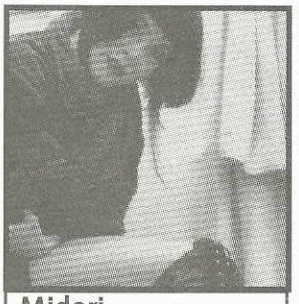
"We thought it would be sexier to have the cop be submissive," says **Michele Serchuk** of her police uniform special ("Cum to the Force", Page 8). We agree. Furthermore, she wishes to note that the model "had a real cop's uniform; that's what inspired it." The clothes-rack she's bound to, however, is not as authentic. Michele is the featured artist this summer at Marilyn's Room (www.marilynsroom.com). Her photos have appeared previously in *Secret, Libido*, and **On Our Backs** magazine.

Michele Serchuk

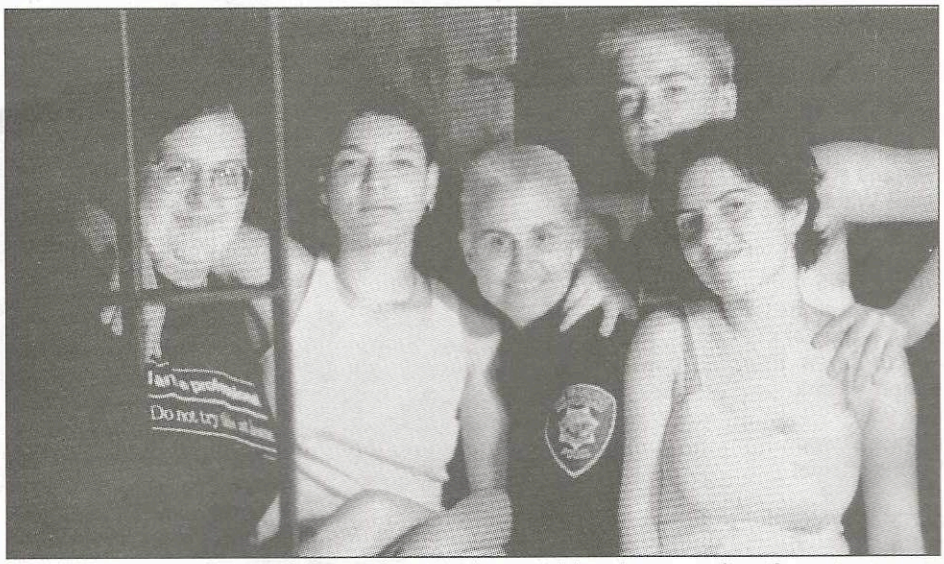
International Fetish Diva **Midori** graces us with her very first piece of erotic fiction ("Cool Blue Suit," page 30). "This is the first piece of fiction I've written since I was maybe 8 years old," she says. "Back then I wrote about adventures of princesses, but they were actually me. So I guess nothing much has changed!" Midori was raised "Happa Haolei" (half white) in a feminist household in Tokyo and moved to the United States at age 13. She has worked as an Army Intelligence officer and in the corporate world ("I still fetishize power suits"), and now lives and works as a professional dominant and fetish model in San Francisco.



STEVE DIET GOEDDE

Midori

from the editor



RICKY LEE

That's Lori, the models, and me, exhausted but happy, after the prison orgy.

I credit an unflattering 18th-century wench's uniform I wore while waitressing for attracting the best rough trade I've ever had. We exchanged numbers on dessert menus, met the next evening, and screwed until dawn. The question is, why?

Maybe sexologist Robert Stoller knows. He once defined a fetish as "a story masquerading as an object." In other words, when uniforms turn us on, we attribute it to some inherent power of the uniform. But actually, nothing is ever sexy without a context: Uniforms turn us on because we know what uniforms *mean*. Uniforms sum up a story about authority, submission, and mystery; we recognize it even as young children (remember Halloween?). Because all power is sexualized in our culture, power-mongering—or submissive—uniforms are right at the top of the sexual arousal pyramid.

Well, I'm not complaining.

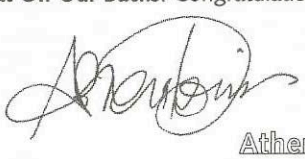
The cool thing about dykes dressing up is that we get access to some of the power of uniforms—and we get to thumb our noses at the real thing, too. Fitting two butch dykes in near-authentic prison guard uniforms to do a pornographic shoot for you, dear reader, had to be one of the most fun shoots we've ever done—precisely because it was technically illegal (see page 32). Likewise, Michele Serchuk's ass-kissing policewoman on page 8 is a pure joy because the cop who pulls you over next week will not, most likely, lick your butt (but a girl can wish, right?).

Fetishy uniforms "work" because they're about fantasy. So in certain "hyper-real" circumstances, uniforms can be anything *but* arousing. Three months ago I was arrested at a demonstration for Mumia Abu-Jamal, the black civil rights journalist framed for a Philadelphia cop's death. I couldn't help thinking, as a group of mammoth riot cops surrounded us, that the situation was far from sexy. (To learn more about Mumia from dykes such as Dorothy Allison, order the excellent CD created to fund his release, *All Things Censored,* by calling 415-648-4505.)

Once you've worn out all the uniform material, double back and read our interview with Susan Griffin, the most eloquent anti-porn feminist the world may ever have (page 20). Next, turn to Nyondo Nadi's exclusive investigation of how six women sued the state of Alabama for their right to buy vibrators—and won (page 28). Vibrators must remain both legal and accessible: that's why we added sections on what to do if the feds take your vibrator (page 13) and how to start your own sex toy store (page 29). Your editor is going to move one day and she'd like nothing more than to buy her next vibrator near your home. So please do get that business started up!

I can't imagine what I'd do if my old reliable was illegal. A friend once told me that after ten sequential orgasms, she ejaculated, and last year for a period of five months I was determined to do the same. I never did succeed, but I did forget to cook and sometimes to eat. Aware that the relationship had become obsessive, I wrapped my darling in a plastic bag and stuck her in the freezer, so we'd both be safe. (A defrosted vibrator does not, in fact, throw sparks.) Dysfunctional relationship notwithstanding, nothing that makes a woman come can ever be bad. Quite the opposite in fact.

On that note, one dyke who works hard making sure you come, Lori Selke, has just been promoted to associate editor here at **On Our Backs**. Congratulations, Lori.



Athena Douris, editor

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letters

BIGGER IS BETTER

I am a fat queer woman. I went through the new issue (April/May 1999) today and looked at every sexy/naked picture of a woman. The only picture of a woman with any noticeable fat was in the article on sexual dissociation ("Sex for Survivors"). I would hate to think for even a second that you are trying to send out the message that the only way you are willing to portray fat women is in the context of sexual "dysfunction." C'mon, girls, get with the program.

Amy Lesen
Oakland, California

P.S. I was just rereading the issue and noticed your ad calling for pictures of "women of size." My letter still stands, but I am glad to see you are trying. (Although I find it hard to believe you have to put out an ad for fat, butch, of color, or mature models—you seem to have no trouble finding young, skinny, white models!)

I've always found that photo by Laurie Edison incredibly beautiful and thought-provoking. We certainly did not mean to insinuate that fat girls represent sexual dysfunction; but then, being a sexual abuse survivor is not a sexual "dysfunction," either.

Still, you're absolutely right that we need more diverse bodies in the magazine. To tell you the truth, the majority of the women who approach us are usually young, skinny, and white—which is why we put together that ad. (We've said no to many on the basis of their being too skinny or being white.) We still have far to go, however. Thanks for your letter; it really DOES influence how models are chosen. We have a fat girl spread coming up in our next issue; in the meantime, check out our June/July 1999 issue for more fat pride!

PRETTY LADIES

Unlike the idiot who wrote last month, I think that there are lots of beautiful women in **On Our Backs** ("Pretty Is, Pretty Does," April/May 1999). Rocio and Melanie, Heather and Antonia, Tirza and Oriana; Jade Blue; Marcy and Sarah; and especially Nikki and Andrea, to mention just a few (June/July 1998, August/September 1998, and April/May 1999)! I would like to see some masturbation shots, and perhaps you could entice us with a three-way—kinky girls like that (mainly me!). Keep up the great work.

Coco Reeves
Via the Internet

See the very pretty three-way on page 32!

VIVE LA DIFFÉRANCE!

This is in response to Heather's comments in the letters section of your April/May 1999 issue ("Pretty Is, Pretty Does"). I just want to say that I appreciate the fact that you include so many different looks in your magazine. It's nice to be reminded that we don't all have to be skinny, white, vanilla, and 25 years old to be attractive and happy in this world. Please keep expanding my views (and everyone else's, too)!

Name Withheld
Via the Internet

GOD LISTENS

I had never had the pleasure of viewing a copy of **On Our Backs** and all I can say is thank God for the Internet! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

Monica Elizondo
Via the Internet

NO, THANK YOU

Thank you for telling writers of some of the letters exactly how it is, i.e., "Pretty Is, Pretty Does" and "Unnatural Lust," both from the April/May 1999 issue. It concerns me that some of your readers are so closed minded. Your magazine states on the front cover "The Best of Lesbian Sex." It astonishes me that they would think that only vanilla sex will be published, that no dyke-on-dyke photos will be published, or that women in **On Our Backs** are not beautiful. Though we have loving women in common, we all like different kinds of sex. I can't wait to see the future magazines with "women of color, women of size, butch women, older women, and differently-abled women."

Jodi Ogden
Via the Internet

REALITY LIKES

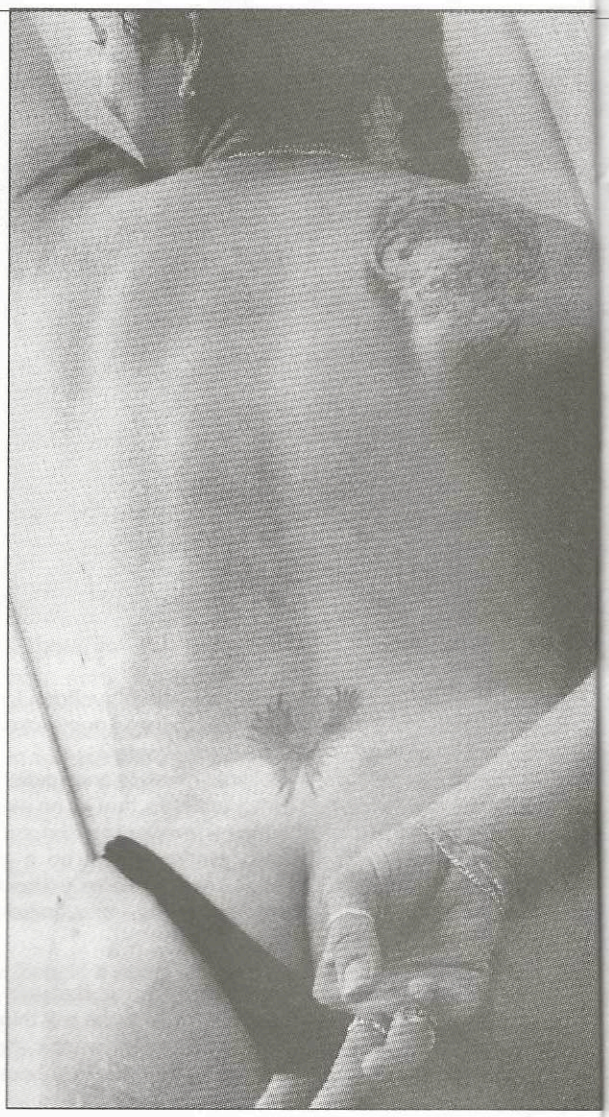
Thank you for publishing **On Our Backs**. Needless to say, I am so pleased! Had I seen this magazine before, I would have been out long ago! I had no idea how truly beautiful women were. No silicone, no liposuction, and such genuine couples! If lesbian porn [for men] was any evidence, all lesbians would have big hair and plastic breasts, and drop everything the moment that a man walks in. I can't thank you enough for shattering the expectations of the mainstream.

Beth
New York, New York

MORE LIPS

Wow! Your "Hotel Hoochie" photo spread with Nikki and Andrea (April/May 1999) was hot, hot, hot! Please, more woman enjoying oral pleasures. Dildos and toys are fine, but nothing turns me on like a woman licking another woman between the legs. I'm still wet!

Susan
Clearwater, Florida



JUDY FRANCESCONI

Turn to page 24 to see some more licking!

CLARIFICATIONS: The Barnard sex conference was in 1982, not 1981 as we stated in the June/July 1999 issue. In the same issue, we stated that Karen Bullock-Jordan was the founder of the Out/Write conference; she is the current coordinator. In our "Sex Couture" spread, we failed to note that the fashions pictured are available from Northbound Leather, 7 Nicholas St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 1W5, ph. 416.972.1037. And finally, we neglected to thank the kind Willie Walker of the San Francisco Gay and Lesbian Historical Society for entrusting us with all the copies of **On Our Backs** we were missing for our Editor page art. Many thanks.

WE NEED IT MORE OFTEN. Your letters, that is. Send us your detailed critique/profession of devotion by e-mailing staff@gfriends.com, faxing 415-648-4705, or writing **On Our Backs** Magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

SIR, YES SIR!

by Tristan Taormino

Illustration by Zanne Prudhomme

"SIR, THIS RECRUIT IS REPORTING FOR DUTY AS ORDERED BY THE GENERAL, SIR."

I stood at attention (or at least at my interpretation of attention as described in my orders) in front of General Butch, a strong, solidly built dyke with a handsome face and steely eyes. She looked at me completely deadpan with a mixture of ambivalent affirmation, delightful disdain, and hunger. I felt myself get weak in the knees. Maybe this was going to be more fun than I thought; I felt my clit jump at the possibilities.

Listen, this girl can get off just by uttering the word "Sir," and women in uniform make me melt, but this adventure was a lot more than that. I was in training as a recruit for the Dyke Uniform Corps (aka the D.U.C., pronounced D-U-C,—don't even think of using the word that describes a mallard). Clad in the authorized D.U.C. recruit uniform—black BDUs, white T-shirt, black combat boots—I was about to go through dyke boot camp, and I was scared.

Terrified. As I stood at attention, General Butch corrected my posture and my hand position, and proceeded to dole out a slew of demerits for all my violations: a leather belt instead of the regulation web belt; white shirt not well ironed; dog hair on the pants. I could tell she loved every minute of correcting me.

"Do you know how I work off demerits?"

"Sir, no Sir."

"With a cane, recruit. Do you like canes, recruit?"

"Sir, no Sir." In fact, I hate canes. How did she know that? Man, she was *good*.

"Well, I do, recruit. I like them a lot."

General Blade looked on as General Butch continued to taunt me. General Blade is the strong, silent type; she sat by quietly, her salt-and-pepper hair trimmed neatly under her beret, her sinewy body still beneath her perfectly pressed uniform. That quiet demeanor can be even more intimidating than the aggressive one, and I knew they called her Blade because she likes to play with knives.

I was definitely on foreign soil: the turf of butches who play with other butches, drop-and-give-me-twenty-you-sissy territory. A place no femme has gone before. I immediately had flashbacks of high school gym class and the ex-drill sergeant who led us through a regiment of exercises every day. As the most nonathletic person I know, I dreaded those drills. I can't even do a push-up, and I knew that was not gonna help me out with the D.U.C. The training session is personalized for every recruit, and the generals knew I was a bottom and a girl; training programs are also designed for tops, lest you think that they just recruit bottoms to push them around all day. Of course, some of us like to be pushed a little. Since I didn't have brawn on my side, I worked the brainy angle, carefully researching and memorizing all there is to know about the D.U.C. Of course, my memory of everything I'd read went out the window as soon as General Butch barked an order at me; there was definitely a part of her that tried to intentionally trip me up so I could be penalized for it.

The D.U.C. mission statement seemed easy to remember: "The Dyke Uniform Corps is a private association of women of honor, integrity, and discipline whose mission is to share a common interest in the wearing of military and law enforcement uniforms in the leather, SM, and fetish communities."

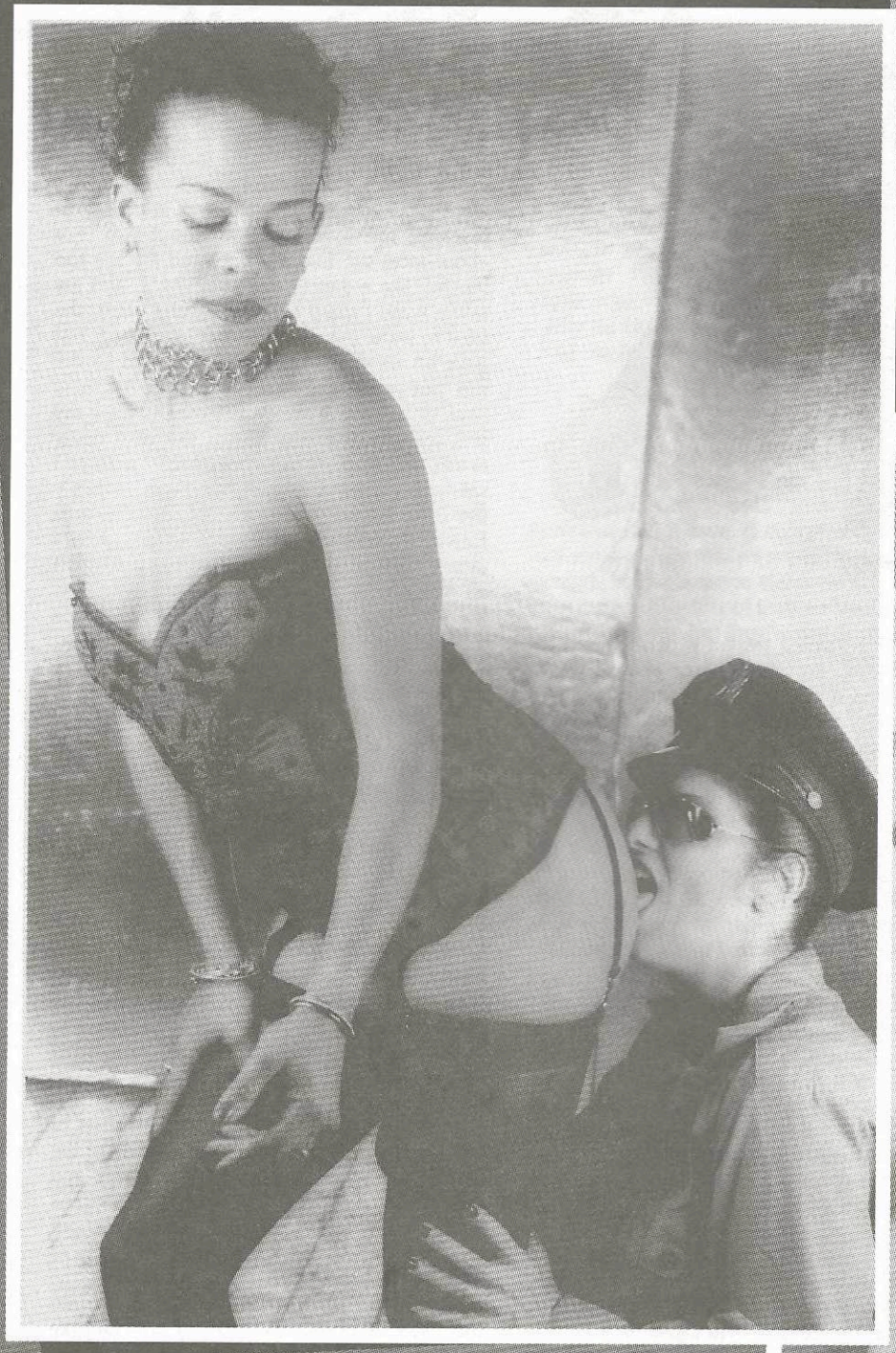
But try saying that over and over while being carefully scrutinized and intimidated, doing sit-ups, push-ups, and pull-ups, and running up and down stairs. Try reciting it correctly and perfectly without fucking up. And fucking it up, —well, screwing anything up, really, or just looking at the general, was cause for a boot in the back during push-ups, face down on the floor, smashed into the carpet, and in other demeaning, compromising positions. Okay, you're right, I enjoyed the punishment, but I was still trying to do a good job.

In the tradition of true brotherhood and teamwork, D.U.C. recruit M.J. had traveled all the way from Rhode Island to attend my training and assist me. She was a cute boydyke, all butch-tough on the outside and soft-sweet on the inside, with a bleached blond flat top and impeccable manners. All the makings of a well-trained service bottom, and the generals were lucky to have her. She was in charge of teaching me to salute and about-face. For about-face, she told me I pointed my toe too much ("like a dancer or something"), and my salute wasn't sharp enough. At one point, she tried to show me what I was doing wrong, but gave up when she said, "See, it should be like this, but you're doing...well, I don't even think I can do what you're doing." When I gave my first salute to General Butch, she who never cracks a smile burst out in hysterical laughter. I saluted like a girl, they said. Yes, I was definitely the dyke Private Benjamin, but unlike Goldie Hawn, I was determined not to cry. And I didn't; I lifted my head high and got through it all. The running, the orders, the questions, the leg lifts, the sit-ups, the quizzes, even the general pouring Power-Ade down my throat while I was lying flat on my back (the highlight for me because, besides the humiliation, it reminded me of a golden shower scene).

In the D.U.C., military rules and regulations are part of the turn-on; plus, hierarchy and power structures are eroticized to the full extent of the law. It's perfect for perverts into details, discipline, and demerits; kinky women who love orders; and, of course, a woman in uniform. And they do not fuck around when it comes to uniforms. As part of becoming a private, recruits have to assemble a uniform of their choice and learn each detail about it, including the branch of service, the type of uniform, and the meaning of all the stripes and badges and buttons. (Recruit M.J. taught me about her uniform, as well as several brought out by General Butch, who has a collection so impressive it makes this femme's collection of vintage gowns look novice.) The women of the D.U.C. take their fetishes very seriously and expect recruits to do the same. If you think you've got what it takes, find out more about by visiting their Web site at http://members.aol.com/ducny. This recruit has the utmost respect for the Corps. I didn't get into the corps, and probably wouldn't until I hit the gym daily—but that might be fun, too. Remember what happened the last time I worked out? Sir, yes Sir!

Every issue, **Adventure Girl** sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs,** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail staff@gfriends.com.

sex couture



CUM TO THE FORCE

"Getting an authentic police uniform is not as difficult as you might think," says publisher and editor of *In Uniform* Magazine Andy Mangels. "You just need to know where to look." For cop uniforms, he recommends The Cop Shop, a store that's happy to work with lesbians, gays, and fetishists alike. For between $100 and $200, they'll fit you in the proper outfit; it's a little more for goodies such as a mace case, nightstick holder, and gauntlets.

But will you get busted? Last January, a new law was passed in California that makes wearing any police uniform on the streets illegal. However, it's not a federal law, and because legality rests with the wearer, the sale of a uniform remains legal. The upshot: making believe you're the fuzz in the boudoir is still (relatively) safe. —*A.D.*

Photography by Michele Serchuk

In Uniform is a uniform fetish magazine largely aimed at gay men but includes a significant number of photos of women in uniform. Order a copy by sending $8 to *In Uniform*, PO Box 3226, Portland, OR 97208, or ordering on the Web at www.teleport.com/~uniform. To contact The Cop Shop, call the co-owner, Sharlotte, at 703.920.0628 or write her at 3259 Columbia Pike, Arlington, Virginia, 92204.

read it

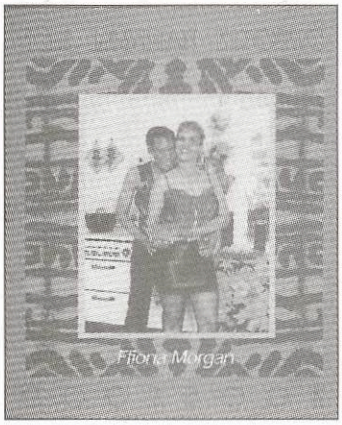
The Strap-On Book

A. H. Dion
(Greenery Press)

Overall, this is a great quick primer on the ins and outs of strap-ons. The writing is perky and accessible, and the fabulous illustrations by Donna Barr (see above) far outshine the rather boring cover. But there is one glaring omission: not enough talk about how to fuck! The how-to more or less stops once the dildo is in, with some discussions of positioning but nothing on how to make that dildo go! Since some girls I've known seem to think that thing is gonna move on its own, I would have appreciated some pointers to share.

Still, there's lots of info on just about every other aspect of strap-on use. A stellar chapter on packing, for instance, gives tips on how to use a garter to pack under a skirt, plus what's packable and what's not, and what to do if someone does a double-take at your crotch. The text is admirably polysexual, covering male, female, homo, hetero, and transsexual users equally; this is its greatest strength. Hooray for inclusion! **Is**

Grade:



The Lesbian Erotic Cookbook

Ffiona Morgan, Ed.
(Daughters of the Moon Publishing)

Anyone who's ever been in love knows that sex can take precedence over food. But there are also times, I hate to admit, when food can seem a far better deal. This cookbook combines erotic photography and stories with practical recipes, so you don't have to choose. (Now you can have bad sex with good food!)

As a newly reaffirmed femme, I felt that the Femme Fatale Rhubarb Pie chose me. Whereas I don't have any butches in my life to test it out on, I found the recipe quite easy to follow, and, as are all my cooking endeavors, erotic. Although I found the stories to be a little too much on the earth-goddess side (with the exception of Dorothy Allison's excerpts), this book has an important place in a world that discourages women from taking control of both their sexuality and their appetites. I want my sex and I want to eat it too. **Im**

Grade:

The Oy of Sex: Jewish Women Write Erotica

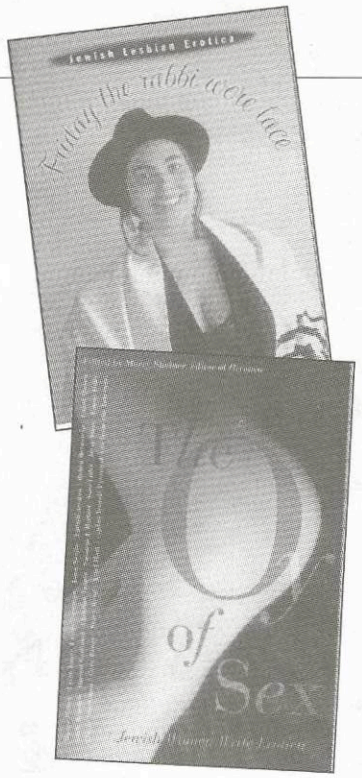
Marcy Sheiner, ed.

Friday the Rabbi Wore Lace: Jewish Lesbian Erotica

Karen X. Tulchinsky, ed.
(both Cleis Press)

It's a *mitzvah*, a blessing, to make love on the Sabbath, so Judaism's relation to sexual pleasure seems ripe for fictional exploration. It's about time, then, for these two new collections to try their hand at the task.

Surprisingly, and despite the title of Tulchinsky's anthology, neither book has a single story about a female rabbi (darn it). But there are lots of Yiddish, bagels, blintzes, and lusty, earthy girls. *The Oy of Sex* seems to take the term "erotica" to mean any story with sexual content, so the fiction



is less on the hot side and more on the order of thought provoking. And the dyke selections aren't as memorable, alas, as the het ones, such as "Linguistic" by Karen Taylor, with its hot anal-sex-on-the-dining-room-table scene.

Friday is steamier. Best of the bunch is "A Blessing and a Curse" by Karen Taylor, with a fabulously hot Talmudic D/S commitment ceremony as its centerpiece. Also lip-lickingly lovely is "Virgin's Gift" by Robin Bernstein (who also appears in *Oy*), which deservedly appeared in a past *Best Lesbian Erotica*. But both these books are worth browsing and beating off to. **Is**

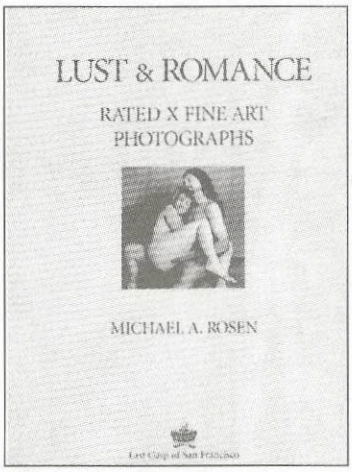
Grade: *Oy*
Rabbi:

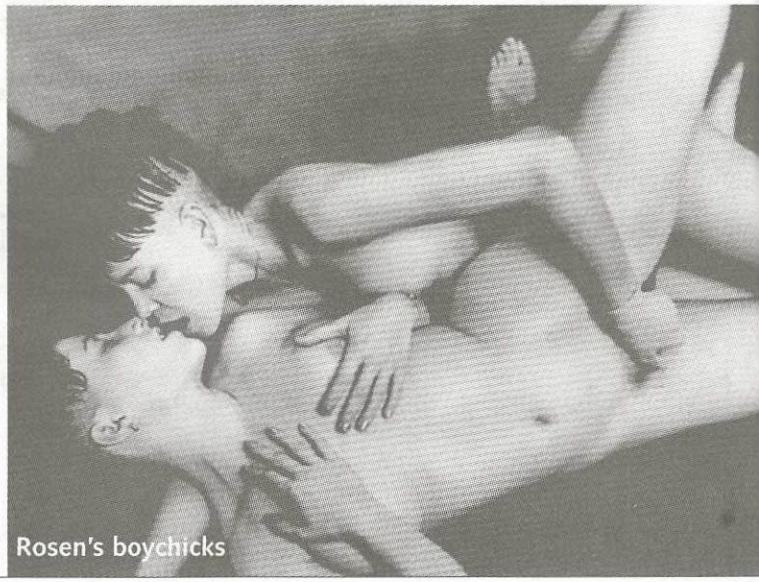
Lust and Romance

Michael Rosen
(Last Gasp)

Rosen's new book is like touring a sex party with 63 rooms and a couple in each one. But even that description does not quite do this volume justice. After all, it's the rare sex party with as much laughing, giggling, and loving looks. What's more, in Rosen's book you can stare at all manner of couples (het, gay, lesbian, tranny) engaging in a number of activities (fisting, fucking, or giving head) in a way that in real life would be uncouth. So, in some ways, it's better than being there.

Even though the photos with penises tend to be stronger, and the photos with dykes tend to be less frequent, all Rosen's work—winky or not—has a distinct lesbian feel. The couples are unusual; there's no silicone or perfect bodies. And his vanilla



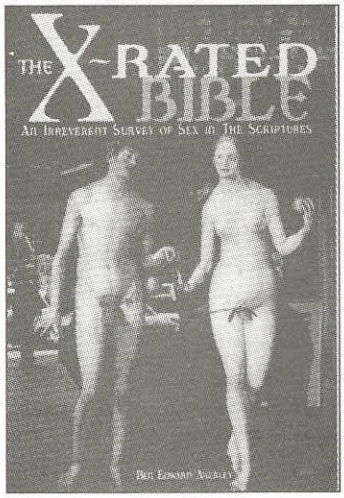

Rosen's boychicks

shots of sexually dominant women are singularly gratifying. I'd buy it for them alone. **ad**

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

The X-Rated Bible

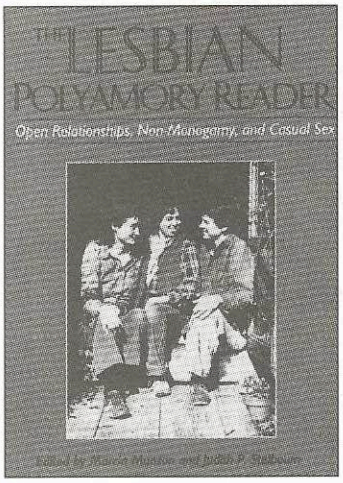
Ben Akerley
(Feral House)



Jesus does not often appear in my fantasies, but with sections such as "Indecent Exposure, Group Sex, and Exhibitionism" and "Nudity and Striptease," how could a girl not be intrigued? Essentially an anthology of Biblical sex, Akerley offers a sort of academic justification for having chosen sex as a topic and suggests that, read as a story, the Bible can help you to take sex less seriously. Huh.

Well, if you ever want to track down a particular passage of biblical nookie, then you'll need this one. But it didn't work as salacious reading. In all the passages dealing with women's sexuality, the ladies are raped, abused, or punished (nonconsensually) for acting on their sexuality. I had a hard time seeing it as a way to take sex less seriously, let alone as a turn-on. There is a certain baroque appeal to biblical writing, but I prefer my lewd women to be encouraged rather than oppressed. *X-Rated* may make Akerley hard, but it left me dry. **lm**

Grade: 👄👄



The Lesbian Polyamory Reader

Marcia Munson and Judith P. Stelboum, eds.
(Harrington Park Press)

For all the books inspired by nonmonogamy, putting theory into practice remains complex. *The Lesbian Polyamory Reader* is an attempt to change all that. In answer to the question, for example, of how it's possible to love more than one person fully, psychotherapist Nancy Gartrell points out that no one questions how mothers can love all their children; polyamory requires work as difficult as motherhood, with a payback as rich. Another very thought-provoking essay, "Poly-Friendships," imagines a society in which lovers come and go, but persons are allowed only one friend for an entire adulthood.

Unfortunately, a few selections are so poorly edited as to be unreadable; others are filled with tiresome processing or preaching. I also wished for the garbage to be put out with the gems: that is, for more essays that addressed negative experiences, especially beginners'. Still, women trying to "love more" should read this—and more. **ad**

Grade: 👄👄👄

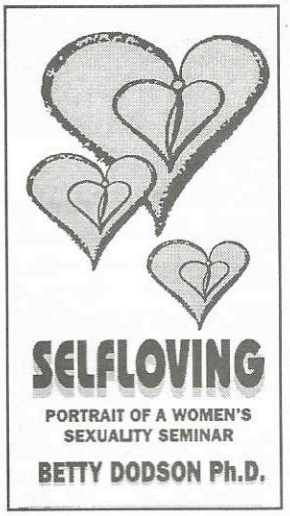
Review Staff

ad Athena Douris
lm Lindsay McClune
ls Lori Selke

Little Black Book

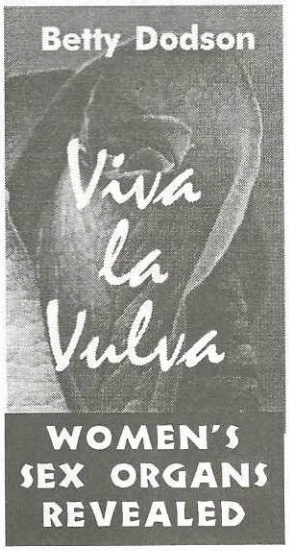
👄 = Wash your hair instead.
👄👄 = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
👄👄👄 = One-night-stand material.
👄👄👄👄 = Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
👄👄👄👄👄 = Better than sex.

Betty Dodson's Erotic Sex-Ed



Betty Dodson opens the doors to one of her pioneering two-day nude workshops. This Portrait is a daring and intimate expose of female masturbation with ten women sharing real orgasms. There's no faking it here. Just as amazing is the detailed examination of each women's genitals with the camera zooming in like an interested third party. Betty's celebration of female sexuality is intelligent, life affirming and down to earth. A one-hour color documentary filled with joy.

Celebrating Orgasm amazes by virtue of its simplicity. Both teacher and "big sister" Dodson shows each woman how to masturbate for maximum orgasmic results. The five women, ages 26 to 62, use vibrators, fingers, and dildos to reach orgasm while voicing their feelings and sensations. When the camera moves in for sharp close-ups, the resulting intimacy is extremely potent. Provocative viewing which is aimed at liberating female sexuality. One-hour erotic sex-ed.



Join Betty and ten other women to celebrate 25 years of her pioneering work to reveal the beauty of women's genitals. The group has gathered to honor women's sex organs with intimate images of their own vulvas. Hear women speak about the relationship they have with their genitals. Watch them prepare for their pussy portraits, then the actual photo session. Follow along as Betty guides the women through her ten suggested steps for genital self-massage. 1-hour erotic sex-ed.

SAVE UP TO $48.85! One video $39.95. Order any two videos for $59.90. Order all three videos for $80.00. Add $3.00 S&H (priority) to any order. Betty Dodson, Box 1933 Murray Hill, New York, NY 10156

CALIFORNIA GIRLS

ALL DYKE ACTION FROM SAN FRANCISCO'S FINEST

by Cindy Patton

I've heard that East Coast girls are hip. The Southern girls—well, I am one, so let's not go there. Midwest farmers' daughters...been there, done that. But really, sorry sponsors, I don't wish they all could be California girls, who are in any event, mostly East Coast transplants or relocated Southerners and Midwesterners.

For those of you who thought the Beach Boys were right, there's a video series that promises fulfillment. San Francisco Lesbians, Volumes 1-8 are the product of four directors who were each commissioned to produce a two-volume set of play scenes of herself and her friends. Thus, while not exactly independent lesbian videos, Pleasure did give up a lot of editorial control. Each woman introduces her friends, and offers commentary or masturbates between the segments. The camerawork is "straight" low-budget porn (good "tight" shots, weak on any other camera angles), but the quality is diminished by the bare-bones sets (friends' garages and spare rooms). As for the acting, let's just say they do seem to actually be having sex. Only #7 and #8 actually have a plot. Sort of. What really differentiates the four directors' work is the kind of sex they and their friends enjoy. This will help you decide which one is for you:

San Francisco Lesbians #1 and #2

Director Michaela Regius

(all videos, Pleasure Productions)

This video features much shaving (#1) and a clever story in which a young punk thing meets her older lesbian roommates and is converted (#2). Michaela is extremely enthu-siastic about her friends' sex, and provides some hot masturbation while the actresses change for the next scene. But the script—"wow, that was hot"—doesn't enhance these transitions.

Grade: 👄👄

San Francisco Lesbians #3 and #4

Director Anita Thrill

Thrill's thrill is clearly fucking. Anita's MC style reminds me somewhat of the *House of Chicks* self-help videos: she tells us she works as a "dom for naughty boys" and lives and works as an artist. The highlight of #3 is a very nice, basic romp between Aisha and Jade, with some tight shots of ass-fucking. If you are a 9-to-5-er, you'll enjoy the SM office scene. The highlight of #4 is a wide variety of tit clamps, attached to tits and other body parts.

Grade: 👄👄

San Francisco Lesbians #5 and #6

Director J. Jones

These are a cross between early Kenneth Anger gay-porn art experiments and John Waters of the *Pink Flamingos* period. In #5, several leather-clad gals cross paths in a motorcycle shop, where the screwing that ensues emphasizes the duds. Jones does nice transitions, which entail getting washed and pussy shaved, and several feature costume changes, including a butched-up version of k.d. lang. Her friends also entertain each other with candle wax and light SM. The scenes in #6 range from boffing a pregnant lady (yes, a real pregnant lady) to a casual encounter on the formica of an old-fashioned diner. If you like your grrls to be boyz, Jones is the director for you.

Grade: 👄👄👄

San Francisco Lesbians #7 and #8

Director Amy Money

In video #7, the girlfriend, home from the grocery store, interrupts her school teacher lover's paper grading. Despite the teacher's protestations that she must work, they have sex with everything in the grocery basket. (Split mangos and bananas, get the picture?) If you preferred the 1970s spontaneity of 'fridge sex over keeping a stock of toys, you'll like it. On the other hand, if you don't like vegetables, another segment features a hot Tupperware party hosted by a sex-toy salesperson. (Ever wonder about capitalism and the small farm crisis?) The video ends with a body painting/massage scene. (Okay, I guess this is San Francisco.)

The highlight of #8 is a long visit to the doctor's office to find out why Ms. Summers can't cum. If you're the kind of lesbian who has lesbian M.D. fantasies (as opposed to lesbian therapist fantasies), this one is pretty good. But if you are afraid to go for your annual pap smear, then this clip will put you off both doctors and sex.

Grade: 👄👄👄

Cindy Patton was a founding editor of the erotic lesbian magazine *Bad Attitude*, teaches gay and lesbian studies at Emory University, and has been extensively involved in feminist and AIDS politics.

try it

Alabama's antivibrator law has been justly struck down, but what if the government tries again somewhere else? Not to worry, there are plenty of vibrator alternatives out there to help you masturbate the day away. Horses, washing machines, the wheel well of a bus—our staff recommendations were plentiful. (One woman swore giving birth was the way to go. Sounds like too much work, no matter how mind-blowing the resulting O.) We dutifully tested these five do-it-yourself vibro toys:

Pager

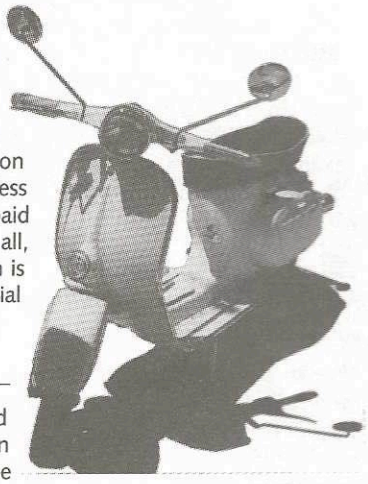
(Motorola, $15/month)

Oh, the erotic possibilities a pager-cum-vibrator has—remote-control orgasms via the nearest pay phone! Plus, it's so very portable. And discreet, too: nobody will wonder why you're carrying one. But alas, the buzz is barely there. Even if you clamp the thing tight between your thighs, squeeze, and concentrate, it feels more like a weak flutter than a vibration, and dying birds in your crotch are not very sexy (trust me). Next time maybe I'll try a cell phone. **ls** Grade:

Power Screwdriver

(Black and Decker, $19)

I decided I needed an industrial-strength vibrator alternative, considering my usual tastes. I went to the hardware store and perused the equipment; buffer-ended drill bits, handheld sanders, the works. And there's something sexy about owning a masturbatory tool made by Black and Decker. But it's a bit scary to purchase, say, a palm sander to use on those most tender bits, so I opted for something less intimidating—a power screwdriver. My mistake. I paid for my timidity, for only the business end moves at all, and only in leisurely (but efficient) circles. This motion is useful only for tangling up pubic hair or pinching labial folds, alas. **ls** Grade:



Scooter

(Vespa, $2,500 used)

A friend of mine finally got her vintage scooter repaired, and oh my, I told her, you have a vibrator that goes 30 miles an hour! Wind in my hair, arms around the girl, and straddling the thing, I was surprised that motorcycles and such don't cause a lot more accidents. You may not get *off* on a scooter's moderate vibrations, but it can certainly get you started and take you someplace you'd rather be—out of traffic, I hope. **sf** Grade:

Shower Massager

(Teledyne, $30)

Vibrate this! Go from pulse to spray with this fully adjustable, six-speed cutie. Who needs a vibrator when you can come as many times as you want from any angle at any speed? Unlike a vibrator, it stays in position, so you can use your free hands for other things. The best part: you can buy it in any hardware store and no one knows what it's really for. **ng** Grade:

Electric Toothbrush

(Braun, $15)

Clit brushing is as gentle, though much more stimulating, than teeth brushing. Though more subtle than a Hitachi, the bristles (they go 'round and 'round) have an intensity that's all their own, and if you push the brush down, all four lips vibrate. I came nice and hard, with a feeling of kindness towards my toothbrush I'd never experienced before. Afterwards, I buzzed it in some Lever 2000: the smells of pussy and peppermint just don't mix. **ad** Grade:

Little Black Book

= Wash your hair instead.
= Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
= One-night-stand material.
= Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
= Better than sex.

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ad Athena Douris
sf Sarah Friesema
ng Nikki Galvan
ls Lori Selke

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THE DOCTOR IS NINA

BOTTOMS UP

What is the proper protocol for a bottom interested in playing with an obvious top? Is it okay to approach her or should I wait to be approached?

Once you've determined that the top is single, the most direct way is to approach and kneel in good slave posture: shoulders back, head high, eyes downcast, hands either palm up on the thighs, or folded behind the small of the back. If she gives you permission to speak, make your request firmly yet respectfully. Happy bottoming!

TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE

I have been in a relationship with a woman for 11 years, 4 of which were platonic. Our sex life was horrible, and I blame myself, because I could only orgasm by rubbing. I have been teaching myself to come other ways, but unfortunately, now she says that she doesn't love me "that way." She is due to move out in a month. Do you think that it would wreck chances for our friendship if I ask her to sleep with me one more time? I think once she sees that I am sexual she will want me all the time. Or should I let sleeping dogs lie and be alone?

Let sleeping dogs lie. Take your newly developed skills and use them in your next relationship (after you've healed your broken heart). Ask yourself why you'd want to throw yourself after someone who has expressed disinterest. Respect yourself enough to wait for a lover who wants you.

HEAD BUMPING

I have just broken up with my girlfriend of 6 years. I know we still care for each other, but we can't even speak without getting angry. Will we ever be friends?

Take your time. Don't communicate for 6 to 12 months. Each of you needs to go through your separation, grief, and rebuilding cycles independently. It took me 10 years to get over my murderous rage at my first lover. It's been nearly 20 years since we broke up and we can now talk pleasantly about our time together. It wouldn't surprise me if you were able to be good friends in 1 or 2 years. Have patience, and live in the present.

GOING WITHOUT

I'm 25 and have been sexually active for about a year. My problem is I can't come with a partner. I have no problem orgasming when I masturbate, so I know I am able to. I consider myself pretty sexually aware. I have several vibrators and a dildo, enjoy adult movies, and have done the whole "examine your vagina" thing. But I have not been able to come with either of the women I've been with. It feels so amazing that I just don't understand why I can't. Also, someone could lick and suck on me for hours and it doesn't even turn me on. Is something medically wrong with me?

No, it doesn't sound like you have a medical problem. Can you come with a partner if you masturbate? I usually have to touch myself or use a vibrator to come with or without someone. If you are unable to come in the presence of another it's most likely mental/emotional in origin. You're still new at relationships. It takes a while to feel safe with another person, which is a prerequisite for orgasm. Don't trip that oral sex doesn't get you off—go for what turns you on.

FAG FETISH

I'm a 23-year-old lesbian in a wonderful, committed relationship. I have no attraction to men, be it physical or emotional. However, several months ago I brought a couple of different adult movies home to watch. I watched two straight films with little or no reaction, as was the case with the SM videos, the anal videos, the oral videos, and (yes it's true) the lesbian videos. The problem lies in the gay male videos. I found myself so aroused while watching these movies I had no choice but to take matters into my own hands. I watched these movies alone while my partner was at work and never told her about the incident. My question is, is it normal for someone who has absolutely no interest in men to get so horny watching two guys fuck that it feels like you are going to explode if you don't release some of that sexual energy NOW? I need to know for my own peace of mind, and also to lay to rest the question of whether or not to tell my woman.

You're not alone. Many women report that gay male videos turn them on. Don't trip on what gets you wet, just enjoy the feelings. Jilling off never hurt a gal. The question of whether to tell your lady about it is up to you. Do you have any prior agreements in this area? In general, gentle honesty is preferable over "just not saying anything." If she gets upset, help her through it, but don't feel guilty over your turn-on—you're not doing it to hurt her. Hopefully, she'll welcome your horniness and fun will ensue.

EX ANNOYANCE

My girlfriend, Dorothy, and I have been together 10 months. The problem is her ex-lover. They were together for 12 years but have been separated for almost 3. The ex still calls and sees nothing wrong with calling my lover "honey" and "baby." Whenever they meet the ex always wants a big hug and a kiss. I can understand them wanting to still be friends, but the attention makes my lover uncomfortable. What can I do to cool this down without hurting anyone's feelings?

You can support your lover by standing up to her ex. Your lover would be best served by learning to defend her needs and set boundaries with her ex. If the ex persists in dissing your girl in front of you, she may be clit-blocking deliberately. Only then should you get directly involved.

ALL DRIED UP

I'm too embarrassed to ask my doctor these questions so here goes: I've never had any lubrication. Is it hormonal or what? And what can I do about it?

Do you mean to say that even with extended foreplay, you don't get "gooshy" wet? If that's the case, get over yourself and talk to your OB/GYN. It's not normal to never get wet. Do you enjoy sex? Have orgasms? Is it you who thinks you're "dry" or was it a disparaging lover? While you're investigating further, a good, water-based lube will be a lifesaver. Shop around and find one you like.

Nina Hartley has been called both "the Martha Stewart of porn" and "the world's smartest porn star." She's also a registered nurse. Send your sex and love concerns her way by fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Dear Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; or e-mail: staff@gfriends.com.

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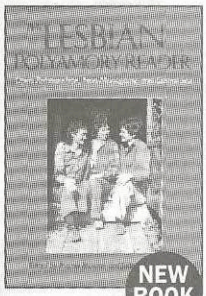

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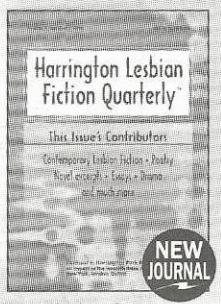

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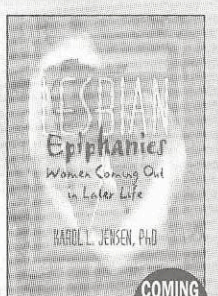
Lesbian Epiphanies

Women Coming Out in Later Life

Karol L. Jensen, MPH, PhD



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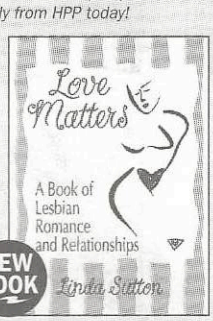

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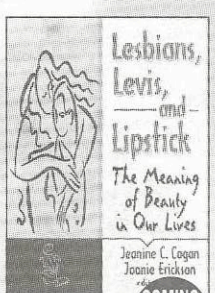

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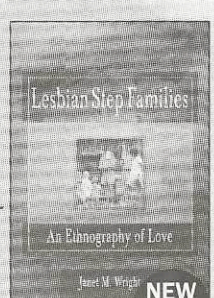

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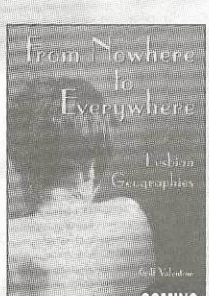

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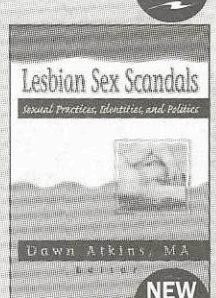

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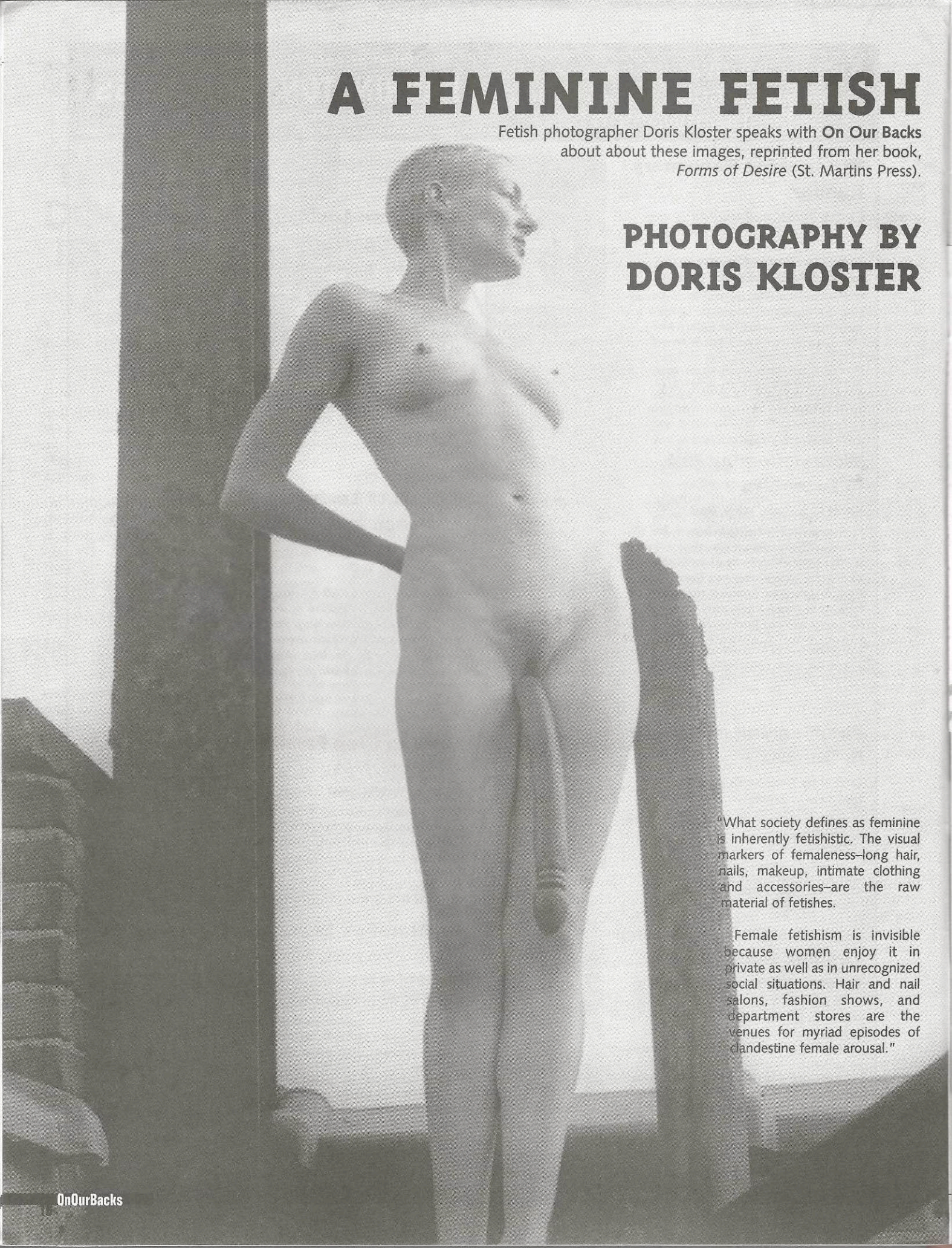
A FEMININE FETISH

Fetish photographer Doris Kloster speaks with **On Our Backs** about about these images, reprinted from her book, *Forms of Desire* (St. Martins Press).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DORIS KLOSTER



"What society defines as feminine is inherently fetishistic. The visual markers of femaleness–long hair, nails, makeup, intimate clothing and accessories–are the raw material of fetishes.

Female fetishism is invisible because women enjoy it in private as well as in unrecognized social situations. Hair and nail salons, fashion shows, and department stores are the venues for myriad episodes of clandestine female arousal."

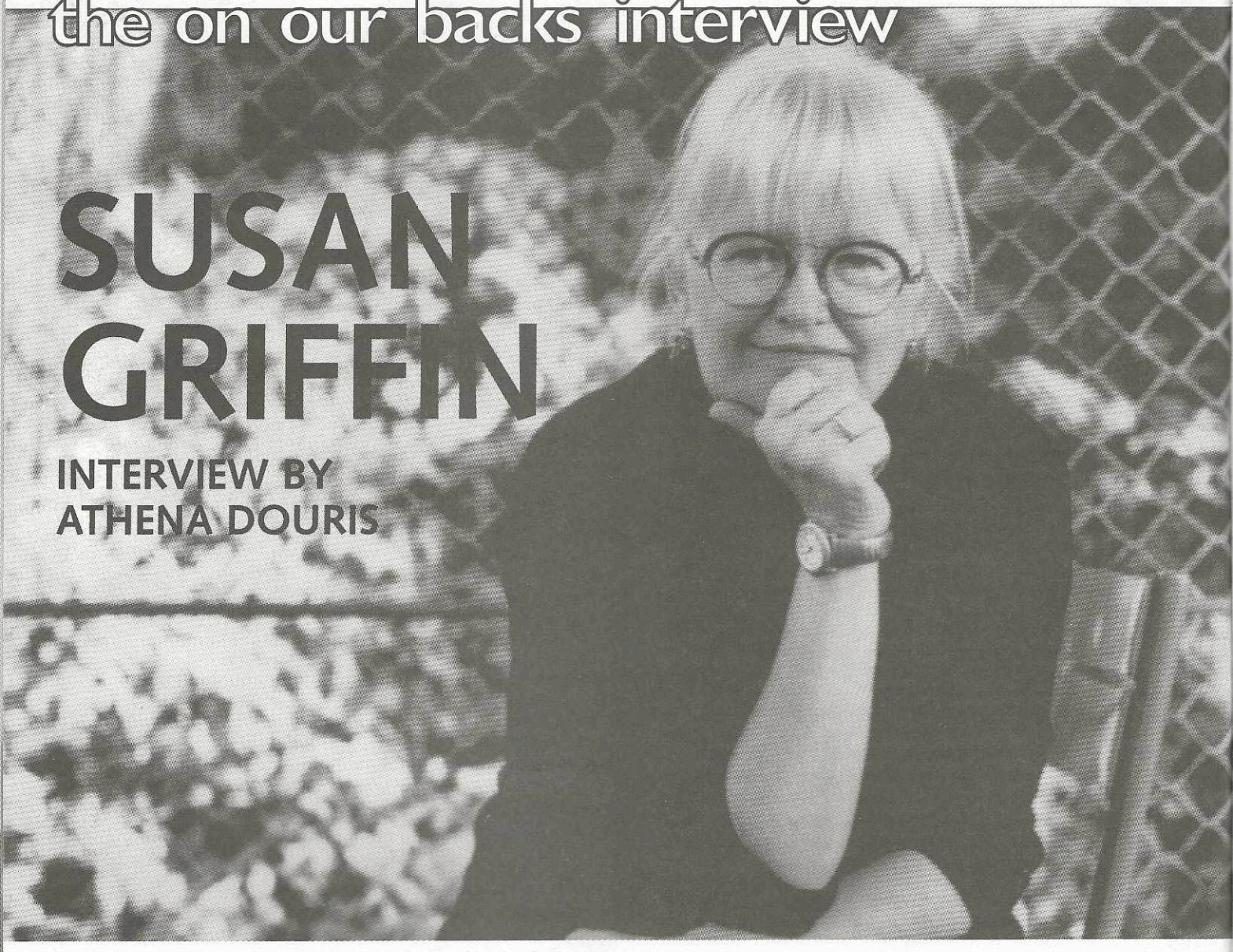
"Mixed gender images are signals of my dreams of polysexual beings. I imagine a world, perhaps in the future, where genders are multiplied and mixed in many blends."

"The women in my book represent a cross section of many different women with whom I have different relationships. They are not paid professionals, although there is one model and two other model hopefuls. Some are friends, acquaintances, and strangers that I met and asked if they wanted to be involved with this project. Others are sexual demimonde members who wanted to explore their fantasies with me."

"Because I'm a woman, this collaboration is an equal partnership. I identify with the model and she with me. Identification between us as women makes them less inhibited about expressing aspects of their sexual nature. I let their personalities shine through, I don't impose a traditional pin-up girl sensibility on them."

Interview by Lori Selke

SUSAN GRIFFIN



INTERVIEW BY ATHENA DOURIS

Susan Griffin has to be one of the most convincing anti-porn feminists in the world. Her 1981 treatise, *Pornography and Silence*, **remains perhaps the most logical argument for despising porn. In 1977's** *Women and Nature*, **Griffin revolutionized feminist theory by linking women to nature and men to culture, arguing that society's "rape" of the environment explains men's exploitation of women. As influential was** *Rape: The Power of Consciousness*, **in which Griffin argues that men rape women not because they can, physically, but because they must, as an act of power. Griffin is as moving in person as she is on the page: She was so eloquent she made a porn-lover such as myself want to—momentarily—repent.**

On Our Backs: In *Pornography and Silence*, you write that women who read porn are like drug addicts. You've also written that when a pornographer takes photos of a woman, "he possesses her" in order to take her power. Does that change when women consume graphic sexual images created by other women?

Susan Griffin: Well, graphic [images are] okay. There's nothing wrong with sex. Far from it; it's great. I think it's important that we claim our right to sexual pleasure, to be sexual beings, to enjoy sexual imagery, to tell ribald jokes, to be aggressive sexually. It's not sexual imagery, in itself, that I was speaking about.

And I don't think there should be laws against pornography—except child pornography. There should be laws regulating the pornography industry so no one is injured, so nobody is forced or raped. And that is hard to do, because that's the nature of it...very often women are taken into the pornography industry and later they become prostitutes and drug addicts.

But I do think we should look at pornography with intelligence. Because at one point our mommy and daddy said sex was bad. So [the idea is] we're going to be in your face with every possible shocking, raunchy thing we possibly can. That approach to pornography is basically adolescent. It has that flavor of "Fuck you, I'm going to do what I want." People with that attitude are just reacting to being repressed. They haven't been able to understand those of us who are feminists and are looking at what these images of pornography are really saying.

What I was saying in *Pornography and Silence* was that the whole message of pornography has to do with dominance. It's one part of our economy, one that's basically an economy of cruelty. I'm not saying "No, no, no, you must never have sex." I'm saying, "Look at what this mirror is telling us about ourselves."

On Our Backs: In her book *Bound and Gagged,* Laura Kipnis writes that men read pornography in an attempt to identify with the woman in the photos, and not the man—because in our culture, women symbolize being a child, being innocent, being naive, and having the ability to feel.

Griffin: I agree with all of that. Definitely. That's absolutely true. The pornographer projects that onto the female figure. In fact, that's what I was saying in *Pornography and Silence*, that both the people [in pornography] are male. Except that one is in a female costume.

On Our Backs: So is it a negative thing for men to be connected to the experience of being a woman?

Griffin: Well, if you look at anti-Semitism or racism, yes. [James] Baldwin said, "The Nigger is the white man." The word "nigger" was invented by a white man, and it *is* a white man. White people project themselves onto their idea of what African Americans are, but it's actually part of themselves, and they call it a nigger. No race is liberated by that projection, because it's unconscious. When you repress a part of yourself, it's going to come out somewhere, and it often comes out in a form of hatred. That's why I call the pornographic ideology "the ideology of hatred"–of self-hatred really. Women have become a scapegoat for male self-hatred. Pornography is not innocent. In a perfect world, it wouldn't exist.

On Our Backs: In 1981 you wrote that sadists and masochists cannot feel; that over and over they "murder" themselves. Since then, dykes have spoken out about the spiritual and healing dimensions of SM. Has your analysis changed?

Griffin: I quarrel with that. I'm not saying that every aspect of sexuality is always equal or tender, but the range of feeling when you get rid of dominance—when you're just there with two people making love—is huge. A much larger world opens up, a world that requires enormous courage. In a society where trust very rarely exists, where you're always watching your back, always looking out for yourself, to be finally in a situation that requires such a huge amount of trust, causes real terror. So I do understand the urge to hang on to games of dominance.

On Our Backs: In *What Her Body Thought* you wrote that poverty wounds the soul as well as the body—that money acts in the physical world like energy, and the lack of it undermines every aspect of a person's existence. What kind of spiritual injuries does poverty cause?

Griffin: Poverty in our culture shames people. If there are other elements in a life—a loving family, an influence that's very powerful—people can rise above that, but otherwise, poverty really crushes people.

In our culture, poor people feel no sense of entitlement, while you have rich people feeling an inflated sense of entitlement. Look at [the teenage Columbine High School killers]—in no way to defend them; the fact that they were using swastikas was horrifying. But somebody who had been born poor wouldn't have felt that they had the power or right to end other people's lives. Implicit in the upper classes is the sense, "I'll walk on your bodies to get where I need to go." Even though that may not be an articulated philosophy, it's embedded into our social system. Children's behavior mirrors the real values of society. It's not the one articulated, but it's the real value system.

On Our Backs: In *What Her Body Thought*, you talk about being plunged into poverty yourself when you contracted chronic fatigue immune deficiency syndrome.

Griffin: When I was terribly ill, my friends were wonderful. But often I could see that it was not easy. I couldn't work and my funds were draining; it was all I could do to pay my basic bills. I got the feeling from society—not my friends, but from society—that it would have let me die. I say this in the book, "They would have let me die." In fact, I never ended up on the streets, but I did go for weeks without having my sheets changed, and nobody to show up to give me a meal. And I suffered fear because of that.

I came to see how cruel our current system is. I'm not advocating any particular economic system, I just feel the one we're in is not working. We need to envision a society that is caring toward people, economically.

On Our Backs: Your book *Rape: The Power of Consciousness*, was the first to explain that rape, as an act of terrorism, isn't about sex, but about misogyny. If so, how do you explain women who rape other women?

Griffin: As women are being liberated from false dichotomies of gender, they too can be dominant. They can become a CEO of a corporation and exploit other women, they can be a boss in an office and treat other women badly. My daughter has had that experience many times!

Rape is not something that's biological. That's my chief disagreement, by the way, with Susan Brownmiller. Brownmiller used a lot of my work when she wrote her book on rape, but she came to a different conclusion. It's interesting because she, herself, came up with the most powerful evidence I've ever heard to the opposite. She said, men rape because they have penises. I disagree. I think it has to do with dominance. Men got chosen to be the dominant ones. But that doesn't mean women can't value dominance and do everything that comes along with it, including rape.

"Pornography is the ideology of hatred — of self-hatred, really."

On Our Backs: You talk about how the biggest lie is not noticing, forgetting, or neglecting a tragedy. How do you stay aware?

Griffin: Denial is useful at times. But I think we're living in a society that encourages denial as a way of life. People are not used to facing their own pain, much less things that are happening to other people.

In *What Her Body Thought* I write about Marie de Plessis, a courtesan born into the starving classes. The great hope, like an inner-city kid hoping to become a basketball star, was to be taken up by some wealthy man and become his courtesan. In the book, I write about the attraction between these wealthy men and courtesans. I really think it was that the poor had an actual life force lacking in the wealthy. And I think that came from the ability to tell the truth. I did my research in France, and the songs she sang were bawdy songs. They were blisteringly honest, not only about sex, but also about politics and about money.

When you live in a state of denial, there's a kind of draining of energy that comes from keeping a lid on everything.

On Our Backs: What have you been working on lately?

Griffin: I'm writing a couple of novels that I've been working on whenever I can steal some time. Very soon I'm going to start work on a book I'm calling *The Book of the Courtesans*. It's is going to be devoted entirely to courtesans and how that history connects to contemporary women's sexuality. The history is amazing, and we've been cut off from it, as women, particularly in America. In France, courtesans are quite well known. Here, because of our puritanical past, it's a word that has only lately come into common use. A lot of the sexual freedom we have today we owe not only to the feminist movement but also to courtesans. They broke down sex, class, and gender barriers. They did things other women weren't supposed to do.

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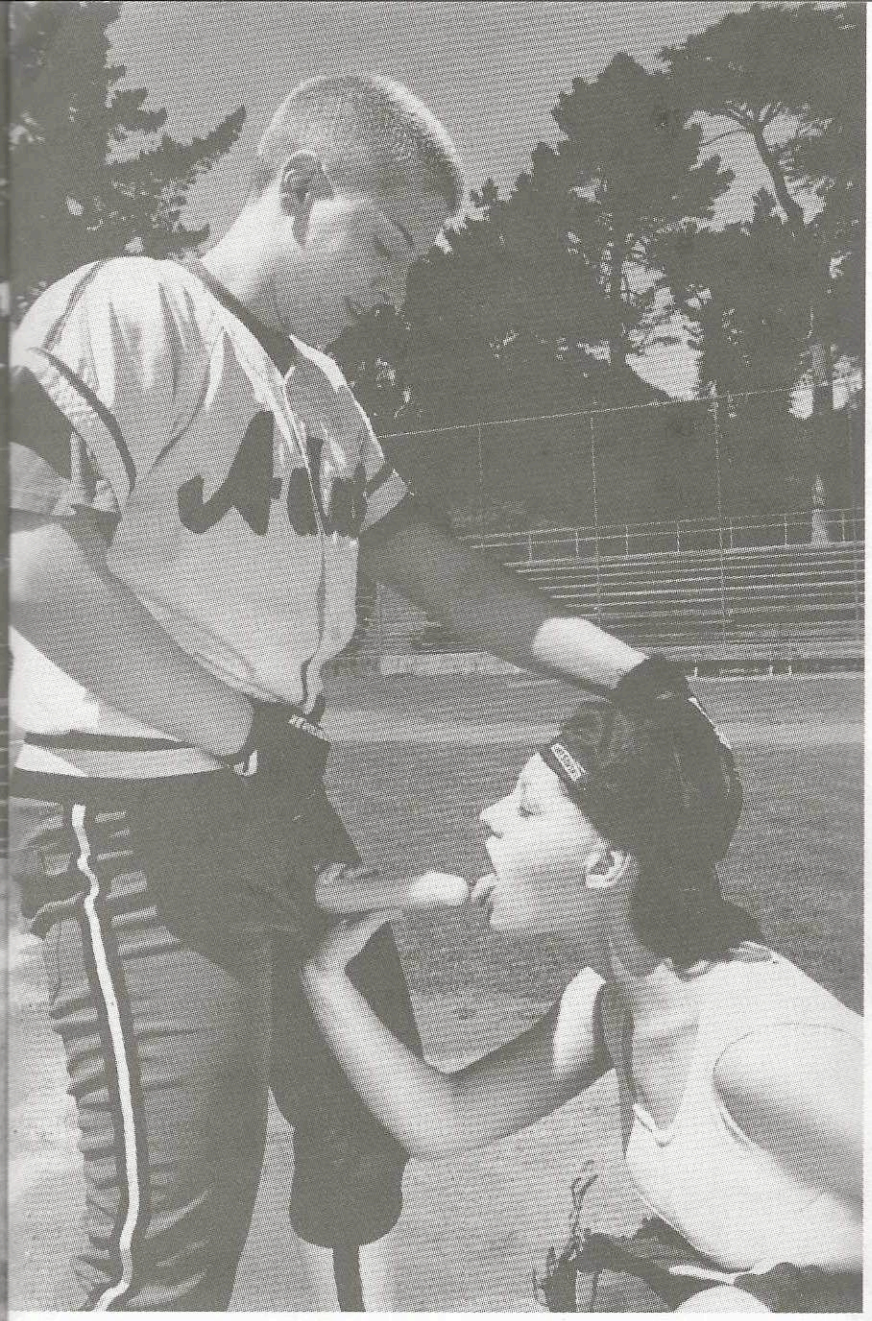
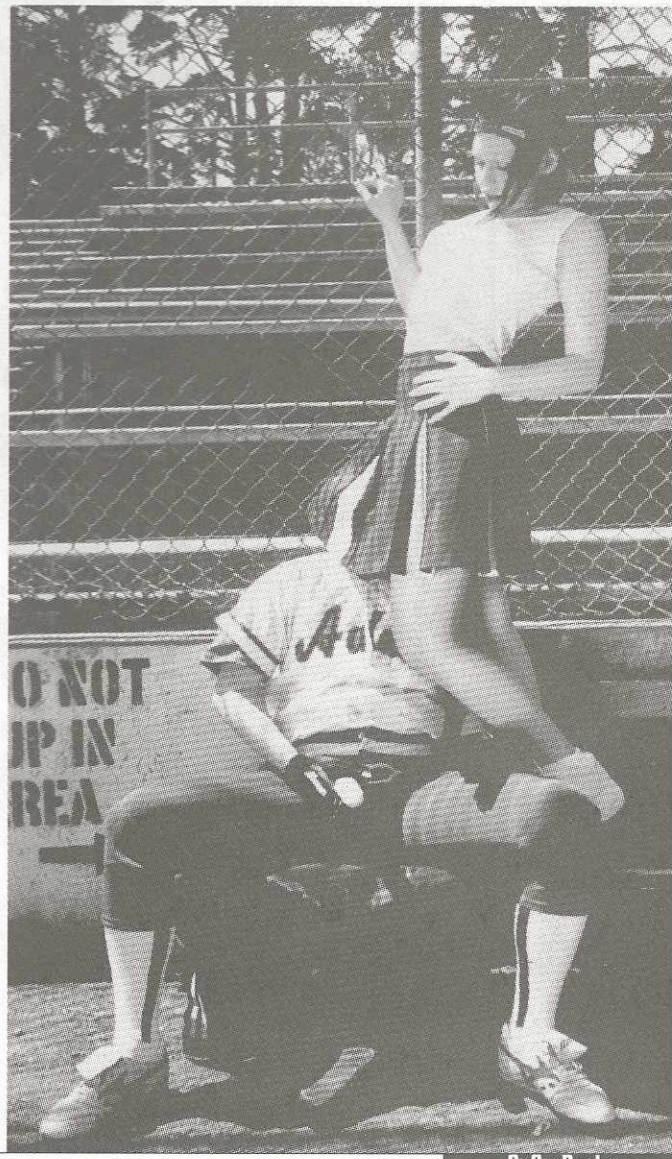
Phyllis Christopher

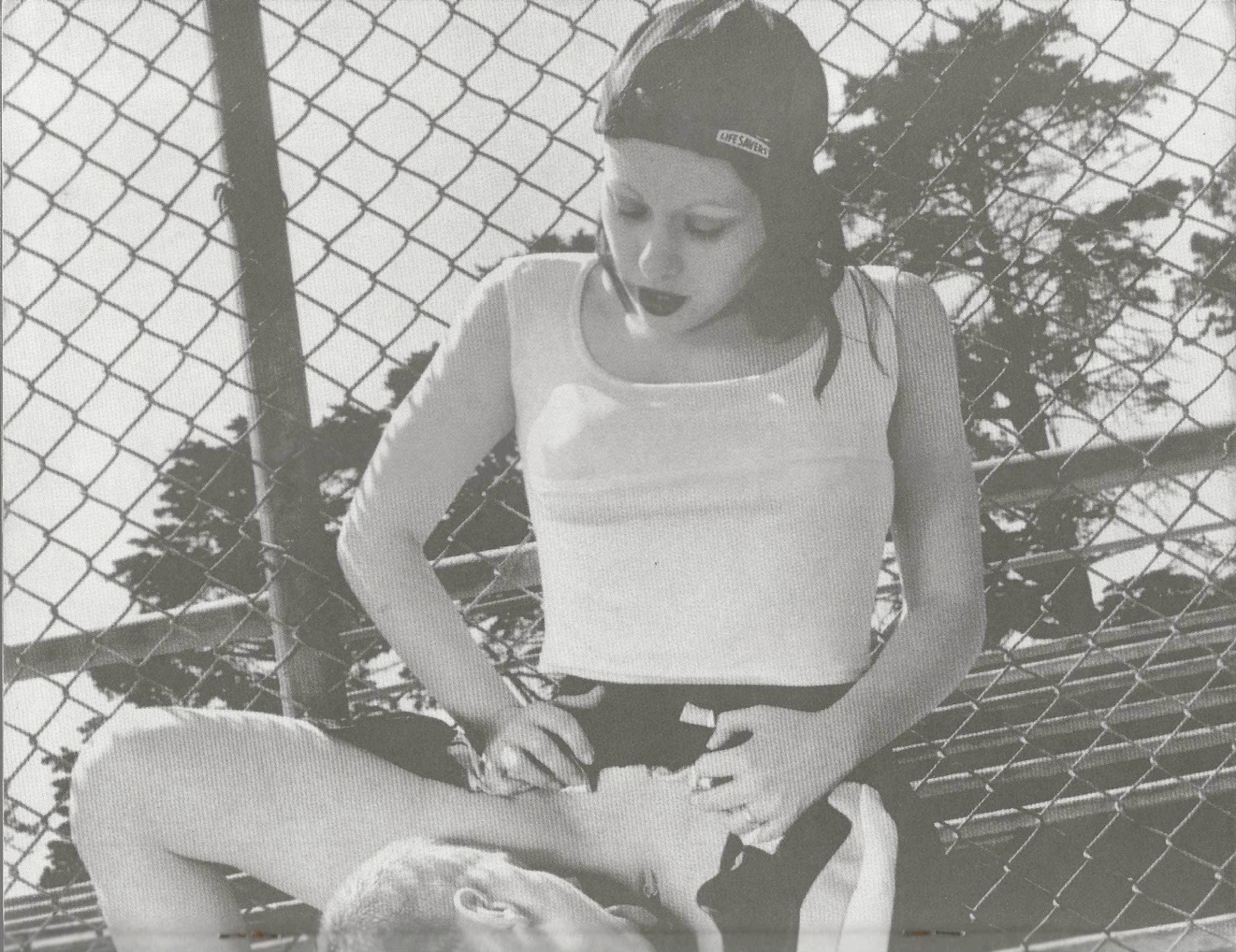


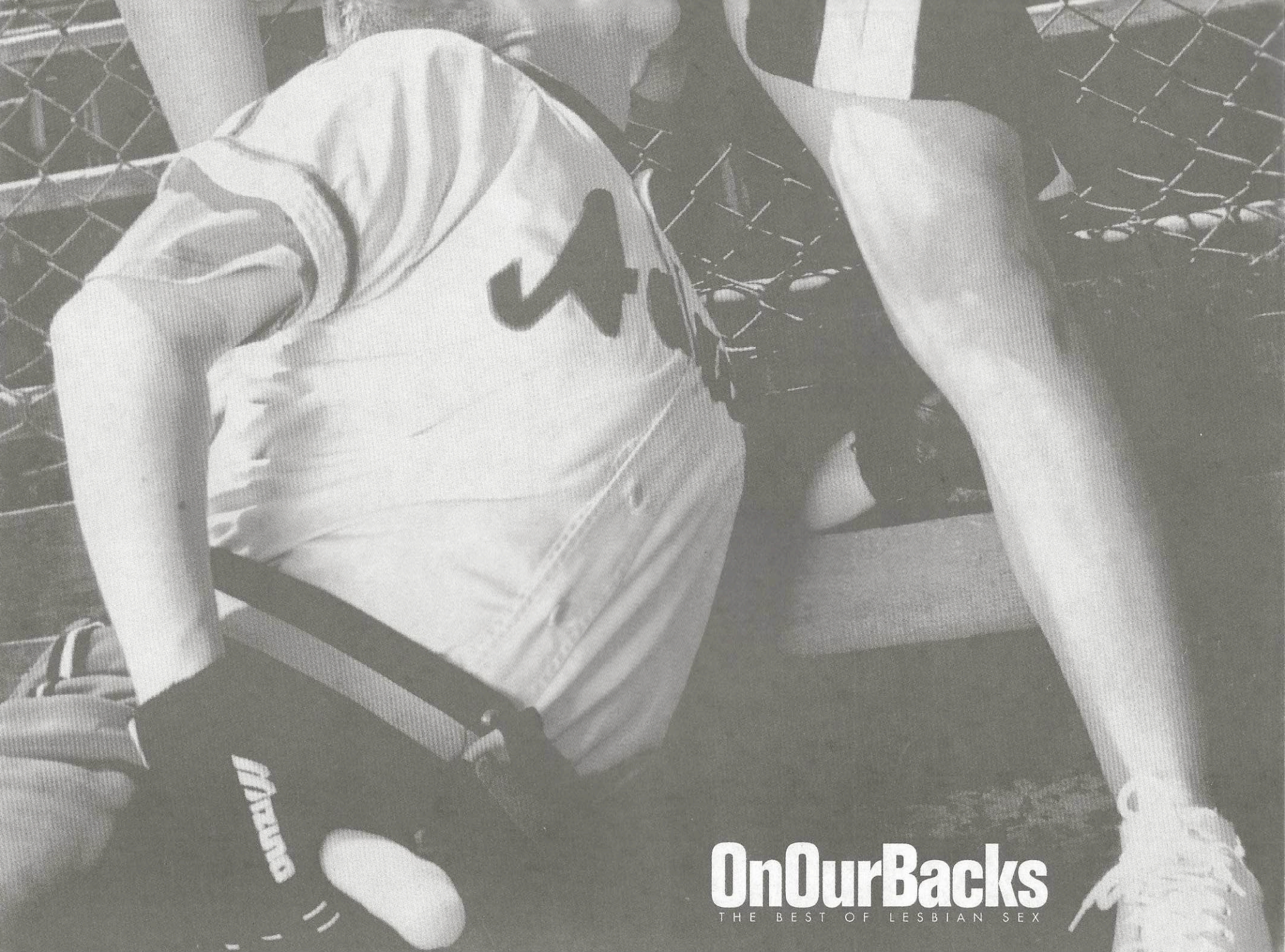
"WE DON'T PLAY
FOR HOME RUN HITS,
WE JUST PLAY WITH
OUR GIRLS' CLITS!
WE DON'T WEAR
NO BASEBALL MITTS,
WE JUST PLAY
WITH LOTSA TITS!"



After winning the final game of the season, Alex, the most valuable player this year, feels like celebrating. So does Lisbeth, the head cheerleader. Lisbeth is such a tease, she drives Alex just about crazy...But Alex gets even! In the empty playing diamond, teasing and tantalizing turn into a serious make-out session.

Don't you wish you had a high-school experience like this?! *–B.E.*

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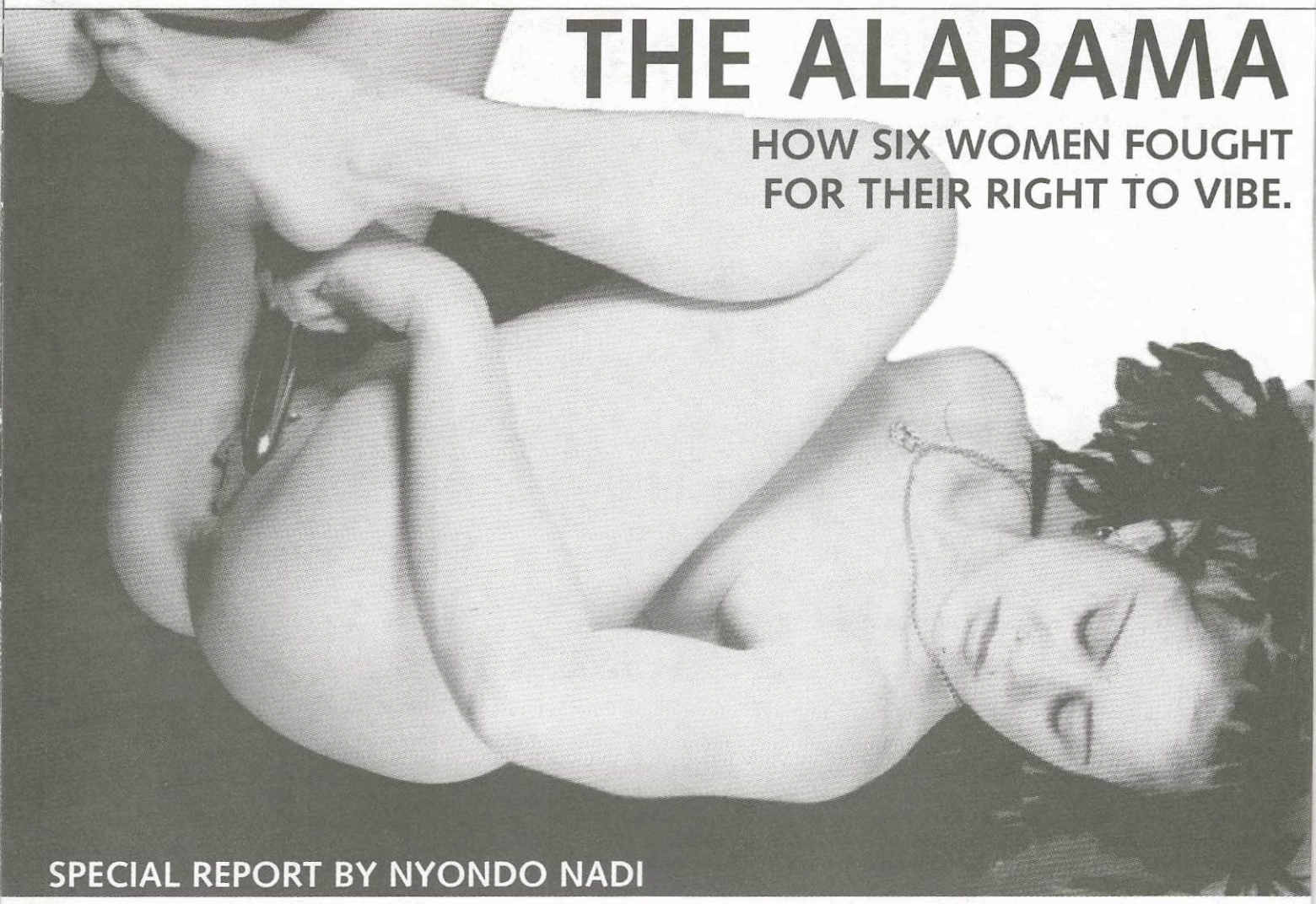
HOW SIX WOMEN FOUGHT FOR THEIR RIGHT TO VIBE.



SPECIAL REPORT BY NYONDO NADI

MICHELE SERCHUK

For nearly a year, it was illegal to sell or manufacture vibrators, dildos, and other sex toys in the state of Alabama. Violation of the law could lead to a $10,000 fine and a year in jail. On March 29, 1999, a U.S. District Court judge struck the law down as unconstitutional, and vendors and customers breathed a sigh of relief. However, Alabama's attorney general is appealing this decision, which means the case could go as far as the Supreme Court. But the questions still remain: How could this happen? Will it happen again—in your state?

NO GETTIN' JIGGY WITH IT

It's like a bad joke. At the same time it was illegal to sell a vibe, it was perfectly legal to purchase Viagra, own a gun, or have sex with donkeys. And during the time the no-vibrator law was in effect, Alabama's sodomy law was struck down.

It's easier to explain how the law came into being than to explain why. Alabama's state lawmakers simply amended an existing anti-obscenity law that had been on the books since 1975. The law was originally meant to regulate adult shops and to crack down on kiddie porn. Specifically, the vibrator amendment made it a felony to sell or distribute "any device designed or marketed as useful primarily for the stimulation of human genital organs." Many of the lawmakers responsible reside in Madison County, Alabama, which, as we'll see, is a place where interesting things can happen to vibrators and the women who sell them.

VICE VICTORIES, AND VICE VERSA

Six years ago, Sherri Williams was just another woman trying to achieve her dream of running her own business. In her case, the business was a discreet, high-end sex-toy store in Huntsville, Alabama. Her goal was to create a supportive environment where women could shop for dildos, vibrators, and other goodies without shame or embarrassment. In the store, a woman need not take a three-speed rotating G-Spotter off the shelf and march up to a counter in front of God and everybody. Instead, a customer has only to take a place card to the register to make her purchase.

"It was a small boutique, on the edge of town, just past the mall," Williams recalls. "I did no advertising." There wasn't a lot of competition, either. There are few sex toy vendors in Alabama to begin with, and the majority of them operate out of the back rooms of more seemly businesses, such as hardware stores. As time went on, Huntsville expanded, and Williams's boutique was surrounded with large franchise stores such as WalMart. The boutique did well. Well enough, in fact, for Williams to open a second store in Decatur, a town smaller than Huntsville, and more conservative.

BUZZ BUST

BITCHES OF MADISON COUNTY

Then 1996, an election year, rolled around.

Typically, in the months before Alabama voters really have a chance to consider the issues, state politicos push their pet causes onto the law books. "Law and order" cleanups, such as sweeping sex workers off the streets before a big parade hits town, are common tactics to garner votes. Williams's sex toy store became the new hot target. The mayor even launched a task force to study the evils of the boutique, theoretically because the police were tied up with calls to the area of the store, and couldn't fight real crime. The Chamber of Commerce also became involved in the effort. However, the city couldn't actually shut it down. Williams had done her homework. She'd paid strict attention to zoning and other regulations, no matter how trivial, and the store was as legal as any other business in town.

Absurdly, says Williams, the people who were voting to run her out of town were the same ones who had helped make her business a success. "They're hypocrites," she notes. "They'll buy $100 worth of toys, and then vote against the store."

Williams stayed in business, only to discover that the problem had escalated to the state level. Now it was 1998. Election year had rolled around again, and this time Democratic state senator Tom Butler of Huntsville was busy sponsoring a new amendment to the obscenity laws in yet another attempt to close Williams's store.

PLEASANTVILLE, HERE WE COME

A short biography of Senator Butler is illuminating. His background sounds almost like a dispatch from *Pleasantville*. A registered pharmacist married to a registered nurse, Butler also served as a missionary to Ecuador and as a special-education Sunday school teacher. He has two daughters, both of whom have attended a Baptist high school and university.

If nothing else, Butler is certainly an example of "local community standards" in action, as far as obscenity goes. Home to many Baptists and other Christian fundamentalists, Alabama has historically been a very conservative state. Anti-obscenity laws are part of the state criminal code, and are correspondingly strict. The new penalties imposed for selling or making a vibrator were harsh: $10,000 fine *and* a year's hard labor in the state pen. A second offense was classified as a Class C felony—for this, the penalty skyrocketed to $50,000. Vendors and manufacturers of vibrators and dildos were also subject to asset seizure, as if they were drug dealers.

The vibrator amendment became law on May 1, 1998, and went into effect on July 1 of that year. Senator Butler, the man who sponsored the amendment, was reelected and retained his state senate seat. Meanwhile, Sherri Williams was gearing up to fight again to stay in business, because her stores were now illegal. If she didn't do something, her stores in Huntsville and Decatur would be closed for good.

THEM'S FIGHTIN' WORDS

Williams had a plan: she intended to challenge the amendment as unconstitutional and prevent Alabama's top lawmakers—namely Attorney General Bill Pryor and Madison County District Attorney Tim Morgan—from enforcing the amendment at all. So, she picked up the phone and started calling lawyers. Ten calls later, she found Mike Frees, a local attorney who had worked with the ACLU on other cases. Taking his advice, she wrote to the ACLU and got them to agree to take her case.

Also on Frees's advice, Williams sought out another vendor, B. J. Bailey, to join her as a plaintiff. Bailey did not own a store, but hosted home-based Tupperware-like parties to sell sex toys. Bailey, in turn, was able to bring in four of her customers as plaintiffs. Although Senator Butler sponsored the amendment, Attorney General Pryor was named as the primary defendant. The case known as *Williams vs. Pryor* was on its way to the U. S. District court.

FROGGY COMES A COMPLAININ'

The ACLU is no stranger to Alabama's courtrooms. However, most of the ACLU's previous activities in the state have centered around religious issues. Alabama is overwhelmingly and emphatically Christian. It is a state in which the governor once offered to call out the National Guard to protect a copy of the Ten Commandments

continued on page 42

SO! YOU WANNA BE A SEX-TOY SELLER?

BEFORE YOU START, TAKE HEED OF WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY.

"**Learn all you can** about sex—American doctors get 12 hours of sex education, and that's it. Good Vibrations employees get more than that. All of us vendors are sex researchers, of a sort. We talk to people about things they wouldn't mention to anyone else, even their doctors." —Carol Queen, Good Vibrations, San Francisco/Berkeley, California

"Do a business plan. **Do lots of product research**: talk to users, try all kinds of things yourself. You need a lot of willing friends to test things!"—Carlyle Jansen, Good for Her, Toronto, Canada

"**Talk to other sex stores**. Visit them if you can. I've contacted them all, but the most helpful for me was working with Good Vibrations. They were so incredibly helpful, it was shocking."—Deborah Kelly, As You Like It, California

"Do your research. **Find out if the law can screw you**. The law can regulate how much adult material you can display. In Alabama, you can display 25 percent or *less*. In New York, they use zoning laws against the industry." Sherri Williams, Loving Enterprises, Alabama

"**Get familiar with all the city regulations before you start.** Many locations weren't willing to rent to me. The minute you say 'sensual products,' they think, 'Oh, another sleazy store.' They make jokes. I had all my funding in place. I retained a lawyer. Someone may try to prevent you from opening your store, and then you're renting a property you can't use."—Deborah Kelly

"**Laws are enforced inconsistently**. How big your lawyer is, where your business is, what year it is, who's mayor right then...all of that matters. It will cost you to prepare for all that, but if you don't, prepare for the worst." Carol Queen

"To find out about corporation law, get a book and **use free resources**. I called the Toronto City Hall and got a free half-hour consultation with a lawyer and an accountant to find out about regulations."—Carlyle Jansen

"Some people find a lot of sex toy stores are very generic, but you have to **bring your own personality into it**. I wanted to start a store for all women who wanted to feel beautiful, creative, and sexy. A Nordstrom's-style sex store."—Deborah Kelly

—by N.N.

DARLENE WEIDE

Sheri Williams vibe savior

Cool Blue Suit

Packing heat for an icy librarian.

by Fetish Diva Midori

Illustration by Zanne Prudhomme

Is it ice water that runs through your veins? You always look so cool. Your pale skin never flushes, never blushes, and certainly never seems to sweat. Oh, pardon me. I forget. Women like you don't sweat, you glow. Except you don't do either of these. Fuck, you're too damned cool. I want to see you sweat sometime. I want to see that long black hair stick to your flushed and sweaty face. You never even let your hair down. Always coiled tightly on the back of your head, is your long jet-black hair rests like a sleeping serpent. One silver hair stick precisely pierced through the bun as if it were keeping the serpent from leaping out onto some unsuspecting passerby. I've never seen you laugh. I've seen a tight and patronizing smile stretch your lips across your cold face as some poor undergrad tried to warm up to you. You just barely tolerate them, don't you? But they keep trying for you every semester, every year.

Your demeanor brings down the room temperature at least five degrees. This must be good for the books and the specimens on the shelves around you. This must also be good for protecting your heart from any passions too hot to handle. Or is it? I wonder.

Your fashion M.O. is the same as your manners. Cool and crisp. Your suits are always perfectly tailored. Never too tight, never too baggy, and certainly never trendy; your suits fit you perfectly without any fussiness. The colors are always cool—navy blue, gray, slate, and charcoal. I know when there's an academic dignitary coming in—that's when you bring out your pinstripes. Your blouses are always an impeccable cream-colored silk. Your stockings are a slightly lighter color than your suit. The shoes you wear are always terribly sensible—the heels are never over two inches and are never adorned in any way. Year in and year out you wear your damned uniform of cold authority over your domain of books and knowledge. I've never seen anyone wear a wool suit like armor the way you do. Even your ever-present pearl necklace looks likes it's a mandatory insignia of your profession.

After two years of daily visits to this library in my efforts to finish my thesis, you seem to register a barely noticeable recognition of me. At least now you know that I've got a brain under this rough shell. At first I'm sure you didn't take me for much more than a class-skipping slacker. You may have your uniform, Ms. Sakamoto, but I have mine too. The old leather jacket that my first real girlfriend gave me protects me from bike spills and dyke spills. Maybe you've noticed the gravel marks and beer bottle slashes? Maybe not. My Wranglers are always beaten up, but my T-shirts are always immaculate. These black boots have taken me around the block a few times, you know. I keep my hair short in a crew. I want everyone to know exactly who and what I am. Today is special. I dressed with something special packed just for you.

I watch you today. You don't know that I've finished my thesis two weeks ago. I've just been coming in to watch you. Some how my hot-blooded body needs to see you to keep from spontaneously combusting. There are only a few more days until graduation. I gotta make this count. It's a Friday afternoon, so there are only a few grade-desperate geeks around here now. Other than the rustling of papers and some keyboard tapping, the air is still. Your face is perfectly still as well—without any emotion, without any passion.

I want to see you sweat.

You get up to put some books back in the stacks. The "Will Return Shortly" sign makes its appearance. You must have a lot of books to reshelve. I pull out my stacks pass from my back-pack pocket, shove my pack and helmet on my chair and stride past the sleepy intern who barely checks for my authentication to enter. Enough waiting. I'm going to enter because I want to.

I find you two flights down in the steel stacks, in the back, near the forensics section. Perfect. As I approach you, I cough. You don't even turn around. Yeah, you're cool. I walk up closer to you. You're still putting those damned books away. I wish you'd turn around and look at me. I want you to look at me. I want you to see my need for you burning in my eyes. I come up a step behind you and stop. You still haven't stopped working.

"I heard that your thesis was well received. Congratulations," she said suddenly. She didn't even turn around or stop working. What? My mind tried to take in the fact that she spoke to me...then my mind tried to wrap itself around the fact that she knew about my thesis being finished. The implications make my head spin. All that I had planned today slid right out of my dyke dick and drained right down my feet and out of my body.

She had me.

I thought I had cornered her today. Now she's cornered me alone here in her cold domain. Geez, what else does she know? I've lost all nerve to do what I had planned.

"I suppose you've come to say good-bye to me." She spoke coldly.

"Ummm...yes...well...you've been very helpful." I sound like a fuckin' kid. I can't stand myself right now. She's turned around now and is looking down at me from over her black-rimmed glasses. Damn it. I feel like a school boy. Damn it!

"You're welcome. If that's all, I have work to get back to. Have a good day." With that she turns back to the shelf. I mutter something like a defeated boy and start to walk away. My dyke dick is definitely deflated right now.

"Wait a minute there. There's one more thing. You forgot to give me something." Her voice rang at me. I suppose she wants that ever-treasured stacks pass back now that I'm graduating. I stop and turn around only to find her face inches from mine. I realize suddenly that she actually wears perfume. I've never been this close to her. My throat is suddenly dry. I think I'm going to spontaneously combust now. Her gold-brown eyes pierce right through my mind.

"Didn't you come here to give me something?" Her left eyebrow rises in a Mr. Spock-like query.

"Um...yes, ma'am...I mean, no, ma'am." God, I sound like a fucking idiot.

"Well, which is it?" she snaps—but she's now pressing her tailored suit-clad body into me. I lose my balance and fall back into a bookshelf, dislodging a few tomes on criminal psychology. Damn, I'll be in trouble for that one. Except she's not scolding me. She's still pressing her lithe body into mine. Her musk and night rose perfume scramble my brain.

"I can see that you've come here to give me something and I think you should follow through," she snaps in my ear as her delicate, cold hand slides down my torso to my hip, then crosses my thigh and rests on my dick. Without moving her body away from mine, she effortlessly slips out of her navy blue jacket and tosses it to the side.

What the hell is happening now? I thought I was here to show her what I had for her. Sweat starts to bead at my brow. I still haven't moved. Her gaze locked to mine, she leans back. Her left hand is on my dick again, but her right hand slides up to the nape of her neck. With one graceful motion she plucks the silver hair stick from her bun, releasing a

> "Something snaps inside of me. I think it's the scent of her pussy finally registering with my brain."

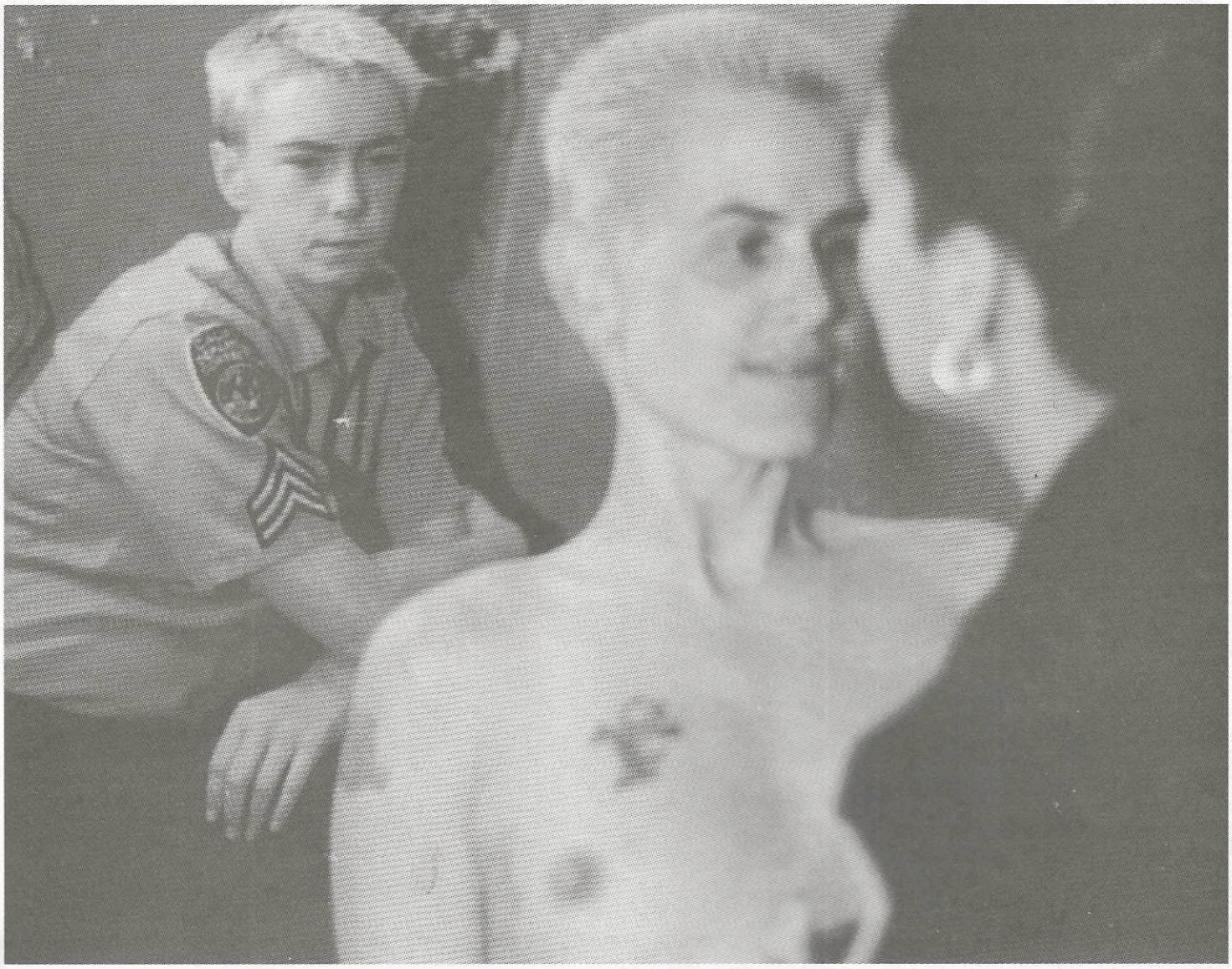
continued on page 42

Illustration by Zanne Prudhomme

CELL BLOCK 69

ONE INMATE IS ALMOST TOO HARD TO HANDLE

Photography by Ricky Lee



It was the night when Toni and Jess were working. I like them. They're kinda hot, and I think Toni's a little bit of a gay rod, if you know what I mean. Toni is the one that has more of the butch cut like me–military style. I call her Toni the Tiger 'cause she hates it, and I like to fuck with her sometimes when I get bored.

"Hey Tiger," I say, grabbing my crotch.

"You got somethin' in there ya wanna show me, Seven?" That's her nickname for me 'cause my number ends in seven. I take it as a compliment, like double-o-seven, without the O's anyway.

"It's probably better than what you been gettin' lately..." I say.

Uh-oh. She doesn't like that one bit, and before I know it she's unlocking my cell and cuffing me.

"Ya know what, Seven? I think I really do want to see what's inside your pants tonight. I think it's time for your bimonthly strip search."

"Stop playing," I say, but it's too late. She has Jess unzip my suit. "Well, what do we have here," says Jess, pulling out an eight-inch plastic cock I've duct taped to my briefs.

"Looks like contraband to me," she says.

"Wait," I say, "there ain't no rules about my dick in here."

Jess looks at Toni. "Duct tape is definitely contraband," informs Jess.

"Let's try out this dick of yours," says Toni, "and see how good you really are."

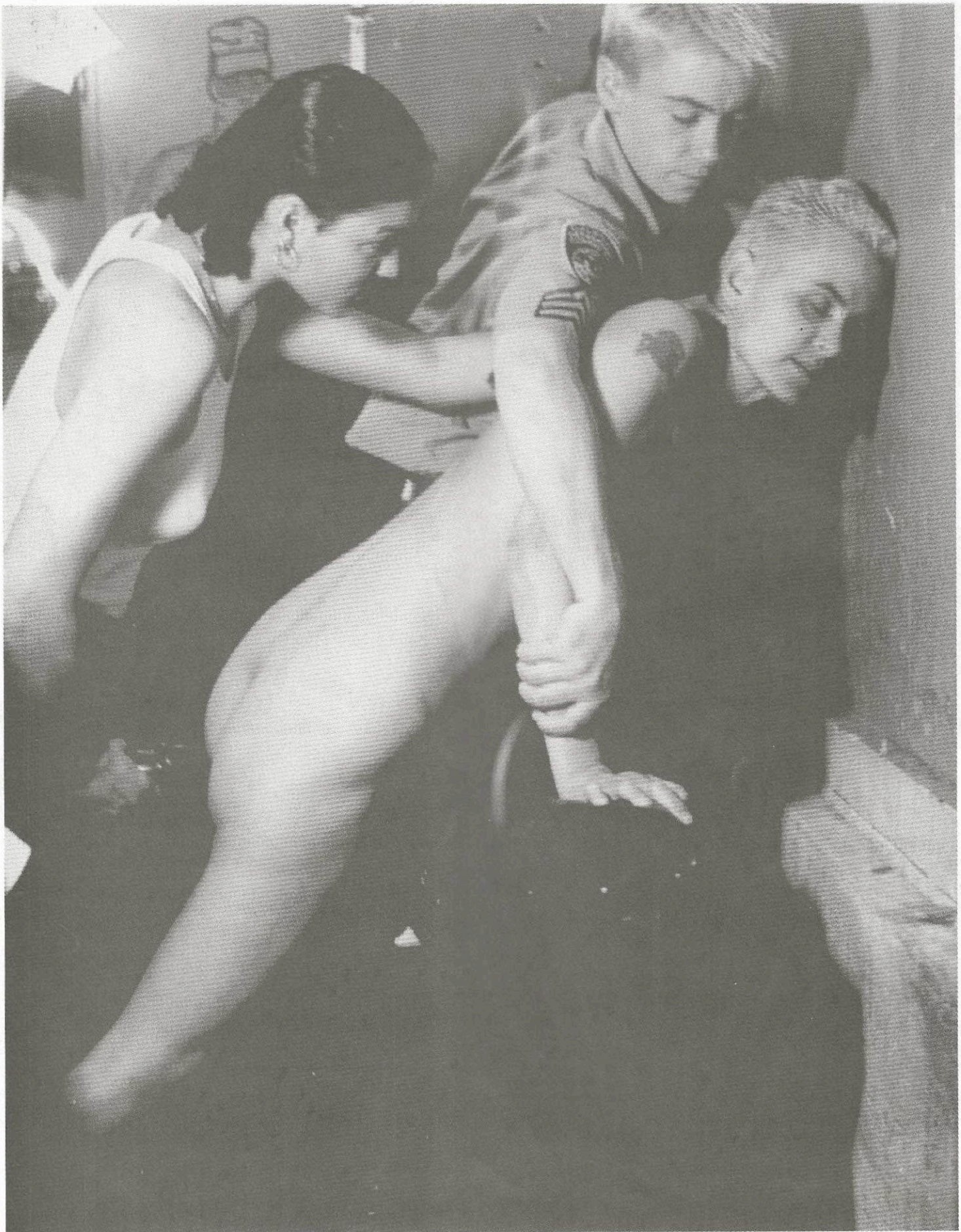
She lets Jess finish undressing me and then pushes my head up against the wall. As Jess gets the first feel of my wet pussy she says, "Oh girl, where have you been hiding this from us?" She knocks my legs apart a little more and then pushes the dick against my hole. It's cold and hard, and Jess knows I can't take the whole thing. She knows that it's just for show, so she shoves it all inside me. I feel a pain and then tingling as she works it really slow. She's getting off hard, I can tell, and Toni even harder as she's watching us.

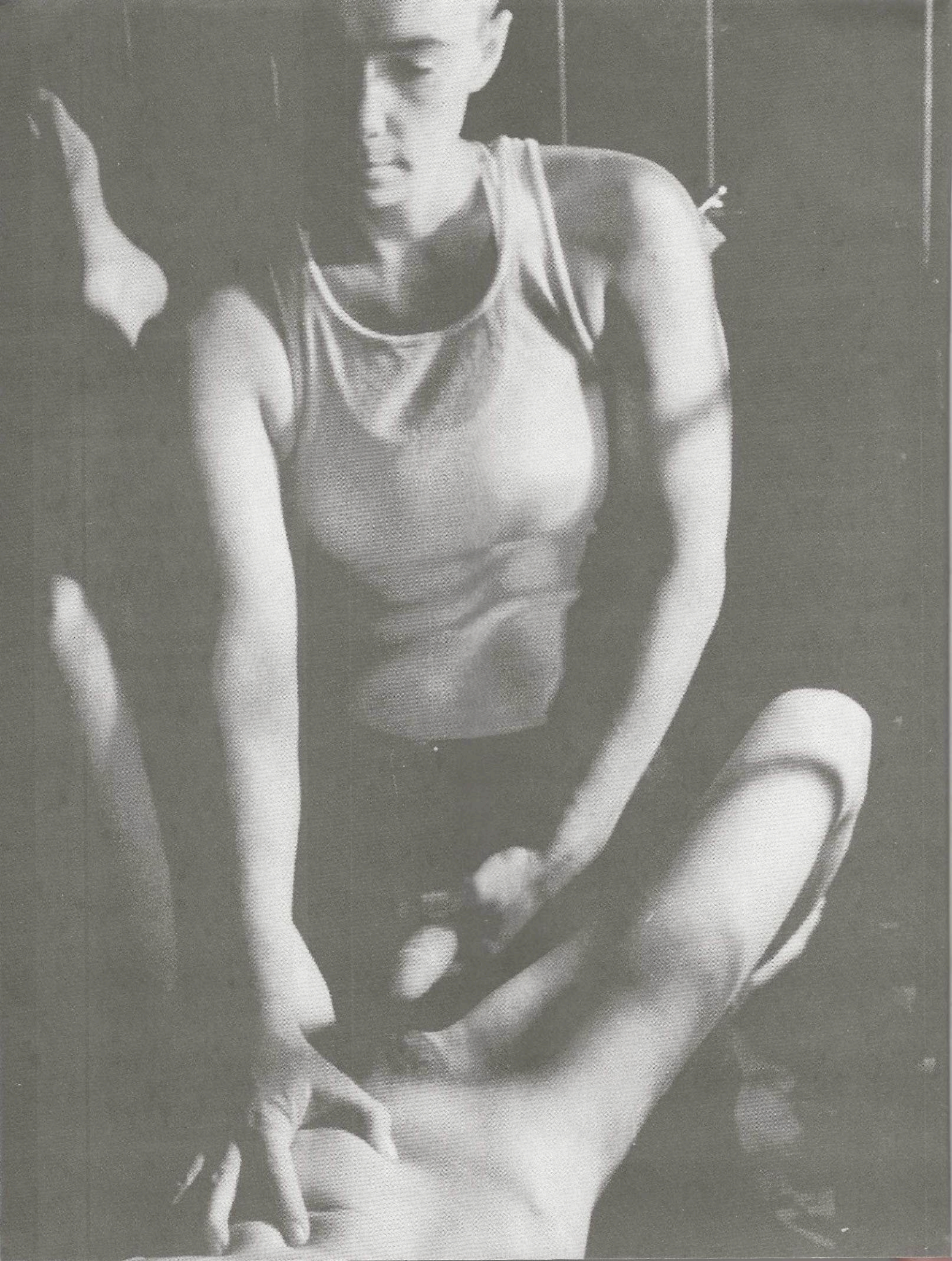
Now it's Toni's turn at me, "Now who's gonna be my good little inmate tonight?" asks Toni.

"Shove it up your ass, Toni."

"It's gonna be up your ass next if you don't change your attitude," she bites back.

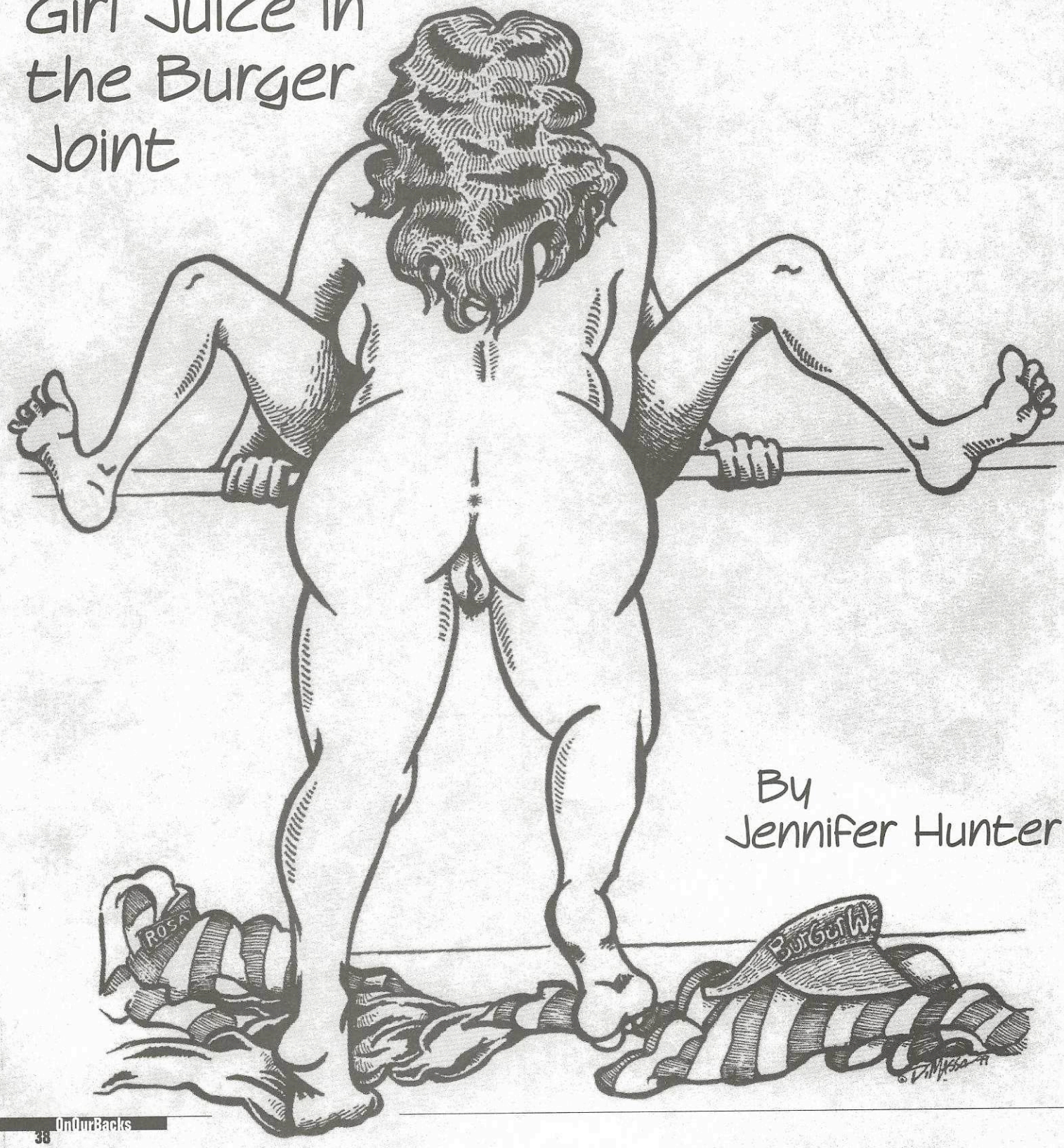
Well, needless to say, I didn't change a thing. —*Ricky Lee*





YOU WANT FRIES WITH THAT?

Girl Juice in the Burger Joint



By Jennifer Hunter

One hot July night I was working 6:00 p.m. to 2:30 a.m.—the kind of shift that could make anyone tired and kind of, well, clumsy. But I'm not sure if just anyone could have managed to spill an entire five-quart bottle of vegetable oil all over the floor. When I timidly looked up at Sandi, I could see her trying really, really hard not to scream. My supervisor at Burger World, at 19, she was a year older than me, and usually quite cheerful. But now at 2:20 a.m., we were both sweaty and cranky. I had to clean up the mess, and Sandi, the only person qualified to lock up, had to watch me do it. "Y'know, if you helped, this might get done faster," I mumbled a few minutes later, bitchiness hiding my shame. I was on my hands and knees, trying to gather up puddles of oil with a wad of paper towels. I was only here in the first place because my mother said I had to get a work ethic.

Sandi sat cross-legged on the front counter, reading the employee manual. "You got yourself into this mess, you get yourself out of it," she said smugly. Her bright red hair contrasted rudely with her aqua visor. Sandi was on a career path. She wanted to own a Burger World someday. God knows why. She'd started working there at 16, and had become an assistant manager at 19.

It was easy to see how she'd moved up in the ranks. Sandi was a slave driver. She'd stand by the Burger Assembly Station, frowning under her visor and holding a stopwatch. At first I was like, "Hey, for $5.50 an hour, what do you want?" But when I saw how happy she'd look when we got it right, after a couple of weeks I genuinely wanted to please her. Besides, I had developed a crush on her that you wouldn't believe. She never wore a bra, and her small buoyant breasts made the striped aqua-and-orange polo shirt look about as lewd as a set of pasties. At least to me.

"Oh, is that what they teach you at Burger World managerial school? To sit back and let other people do all the work?" I was exhausted, and not-on-purpose pushing for a fight. My name's Rosa. I'm Latina, with light brown skin and dark eyes. I wear my hair short. Since I'm also petite, skinny, and flat-chested, I got a lot of "Excuse, me, sir?" and "Hey, *muchacho*!" when I worked at Burger World. It's okay; it was fun to watch them squirm when they finally read my name tag. Sandi sighed, folded the book, and jumped down to squat by me on the floor. Her sunny demeanor was cracking down the middle.

"Look Rosa, don't start with me. It's 2:45, and I don't know about you, but I've been here since 10:00 yesterday morning. So if you think you're going to get away with an attitude just by waving your cute little butt in front of my face, then you've got another think coming. Maybe you only make $5.50 an hour, but—"

"—Wait. Did you just say I had a cute butt?"

I'd never seen a redhead blush before. It's amazing. Her pale face turned nearly the color of her hair. "Well, yeah. I mean, uh, so what? But hey, if you're planning to turn me in for sexual harassment, I'll have you know I—"

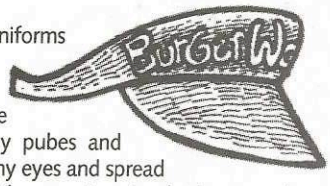
It's amazing what sleep deprivation can make you do. I darted forward and kissed her on the mouth. If she was surprised, she bounced back pretty quickly. She fell to her knees on the oily floor, grabbed the back of my head and kissed me hard, so I felt her teeth against my lips. "I have to open at 5:30," she whispered, half-looking at me. "That leaves us...just over two and a half hours."

My heart was pounding. "But—"

She whipped off my visor and quickly pulled the polo shirt over my head. "Ah, such pretty little tits," she cooed. She took one nipple into her hot mouth, and my pussy flooded. She sucked it hard and bit it, like she was trying to take it off. When it had swelled to twice its size, she started on the other one.

Oil squished between my shoulder blades as I lay back on the cool, wet floor. Sandi leaned above me, her hair falling over my chest. In my fantasies, she always took charge. But I'd started this, and I was feeling brave tonight. I took off her visor and pulled her shirt over her head. Shyly I reached up to touch her breasts. They were soft, silky, and pale white. I gently tugged on her nipples and they grew hard between my fingers. I pushed her back and, sitting up, I kissed her breasts; her salty sweat made my mouth water. Her nipples were red and engorged. I chewed them like ripe berries.

Suddenly I heard a loud silence–the air conditioner had just died again. "The A.C..." I mumbled, my mouth full of soft, squishy tit. She laughed and her boob jiggled in my face. "'S'okay...I was thinking about getting naked anyhow."



Soon both of us were nude, our uniforms tossed in a corner. Sandi ran her hands over my slim body, barely touching me. I arched my back, and those small pale fingers traveled lower. They brushed my pubes and slowly, teasingly, opened me up. I closed my eyes and spread my legs obscenely, arching back over the counter. Involuntary grunts escaped me. I was acting like such a whore...

I opened my eyes and Sandi was grinning. Still looking into my eyes, she slid two fingers into me. There was almost no friction, I was so wet and ready. She started rubbing my clit with her thumb, gently, steadily. My knees almost gave out.

"Get up on the counter," she said in a low, husky voice, and she replaced her thumb on my clit with her hot, soft, strong tongue. It gave me so much pleasure I didn't think my skin could hold it all. Her spit, and my juices and my sweat ran down my inner thighs, turning the Burger World counter into a slippery pool of girl-juice. I was holding on to the edges to keep from sliding off, and I felt that familiar tension that comes when I'm about to cum. I wrapped my thighs around her head and grabbed her orange hair with both fists as my hips rocked with a killer orgasm. My moans echoed off the walls. That was probably more action than there'd ever been in any branch of the Burger World family franchise.

"Get up on the counter," she said in a low, husky voice.

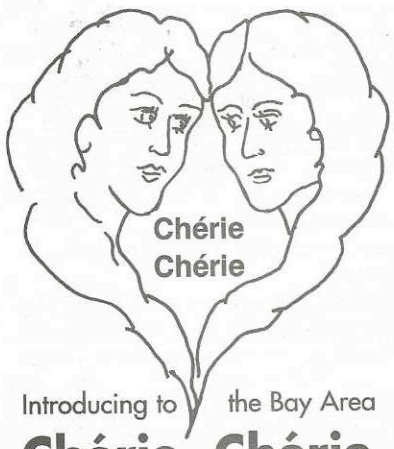
When I'd started calming down, Sandi pulled me down with her onto the floor. With a devilish look on her face, she started scooping up the oil that lay there and spreading it all over me. I did the same to her, making sure in a businesslike way to cover every inch of her seductive little body. She was like a slippery, shiny fish-girl.

Finally, she was on her back. I leaned over her. My turn. I slid one finger inside her sweet little pussy, decorated with orange curls. It closed in around me like it was hungry. I rubbed her clit with the other hand, and she pushed her hips toward me: "More." Two fingers. It was so tight, but easy, because of the oil. And hot enough to meet Burger World Wholesome Fry temperature regulations. Sandi closed her eyes and started pumping on my fingers, making small moans. I just watched her pussy fucking my fingers for a little while. Then, three fingers. She groaned a little, and I felt my finger bones getting crunched together, but she didn't tell me to stop, either. I squeezed a fourth finger slowly, slowly, inside her. "Mmmpph, Rosa, too much...Too big..." I scooped up some more oil and poured it around my hand, into her pussy. "Ohhhhh...." Her voice trailed off and I started a slow pumping motion. "Ohhh! That's-so-good! Yes! Oh yes, give it to me! Uh-huh, that's it..." I rubbed her hard nub with my thumb until she started spasming like she was about to cum, and then drove my thumb into her until she had my whole hand inside her. "Oh, FUCK!" It was the only time I'd ever heard Sandi curse. I swung around and off her, brought my fingers into a fist and fucked her hard. Tears were leaking out of the corners of her eyes, but she didn't tell me to stop. Her mouth was open in a permanent gasp. I felt her cunt contract around my hand, so hard I almost screamed in pain, and she came so hard she lifted herself off the floor, shoving herself down on my fist as deep as she could get it. It was amazing. Gotta tell Mama—I think I finally found my work ethic. We both wore out at about the same time. We came back to ourselves, breathing hard, tired as hell, lying on the floor in a puddle of vegetable oil and body fluids. I looked up at the Mr. Burger cartoon clock. "Oh my God, you have to open in less than an hour."

"That's okay; I'm sure you can get the place cleaned up by then." She was trying not to smile, but lost the fight. "Just kidding."

Working together, with mops, towels, and mutual sponge baths, we managed to get ready just in time for the senior citizen breakfast rush. But I could swear the front counter still smelled kind of funny, and Sandi said the customers all seemed a little happier than usual that day.

Illustration by Diane DiMassa



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cheers & jeers

Compiled by Lori Selke

"There would be no war, I believe that–just a greater emphasis on military apparel." *Roseanne, on what would happen if gays and lesbians ruled the world*

"I'm not bone thin, but the boys in my neighborhood thought I was a fox. So there's little the record company can tell me about how I look that would make me think that how I look isn't good enough. Nobody can tell me that." *Faith Evans in* Rolling Stone

"We must rid the world of the destructive notion that tragedy awaits unless we rigidly control sexuality with harsh, arbitrary rules; instead, we must demand that sexuality be governed by love and responsibility. This is gay liberation's enduring message." *Editorial in* The Guide

"The masochist and the sadist is a relationship made in heaven. It's so perfect. Both get what they want. It's honest, it's clearly defined. Maybe that's why people get offended, because it looks like they've got their lives sorted out. Maybe there's a subversive form of envy there." *Siouxsie Sioux*

"No bio-nymphs. Give me the real deal any day. I want to be dangerously close to going cross-eyed while watching a pair of real tits jiggle as the owner gets fucked." *One of Ms. Heartless's rules for a good porn video, at Heartless's Holey Haven (www.grownmencry.com/hhh/SHreqs.html)*

"It may seem unthinkable to you that someone 'innocently' hooked on *Playboy* or peep shows could descend to the depths of serial sex criminal and murderer. But don't underestimate the power of the kingdom of darkness." *Evangelical sex addiction counselor Neil Anderson*

"It's discrimination. There's a double standard. In my life, a lot of people have said, 'Uchhhh! You're *skinny*!' As if they're just disgusted by it. But nobody would walk up to someone who's overweight and say, 'Ughhh! You're so *fat!*" It would never happen." *Calista Flockhart in* George

"In America, everyone should have a right to be a bigot. I would never hire a sodomite. I just don't want to be around them. I think what they do is just wrong." *Local resident Daniel Hansen in* The Las Vegas Sun

"I felt [being outed] was a terrible intrusion on my privacy. Ian McKellen always said I should come out. But why? I make my living playing heterosexuals." *British actor Nigel Hawthorne*

"To those who say the culture war is over, I say, we have not yet begun to fight!" *D. James Kennedy of Coral Ridge Ministries at the "Reclaiming America for Christ" conference*

"Having hairy legs doesn't make you more free, only more ugly!" *actress Rose McGowan*

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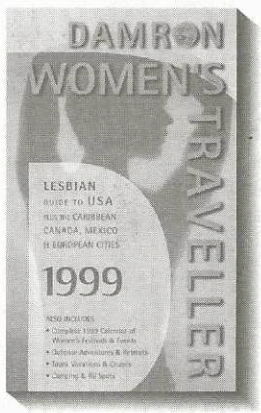

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continued from page 29

ALABAMA BUZZ BUST

displayed on a courtroom wall. The *Williams* case would be setting a new precedent: a civil liberties case concerning a woman's right to her own orgasms.

The ACLU's injunction cited a few obvious problems with the vibrator amendment. First, vibrators are commonly sold and used as massage tools. They are perfect for loosening up sore muscles, no matter where they may be located. In fact, doctors often prescribe vibrators for physical therapy. Sex therapists also prescribe them for women who have trouble achieving orgasm. Moreover, though the amendment would make buying and using sex toys impossible, masturbation is not illegal or even defined as obscene in the state of Alabama.

Another aspect the ACLU case tackled was that of just plain-old poor law writing. The amendment's authors failed to explain why a law against "the stimulation of human genitals" was needed at all. The amendment's wording made no reference to either the obscenity law's legal definitions or why vibrators should be considered obscene. The definition of "devices designed to stimulate human genitals" was also ambiguous. It could be construed to include such things as dildos even if they *didn't* vibrate. It could even be used to outlaw ribbed condoms!

Both of these problems pale in comparison to the amendment's stance on privacy issues. If the law regulates what you can use in your bedroom, argued the ACLU, it doesn't take much stretching for the law to cover the books you can buy, the videos you can rent, or the clothes you can wear. "This case is about government imposing its version of morality on private citizens," says Mark J. Lopez, the lead ACLU attorney in the case.

The ACLU's courtroom tactics centered on similarly straightforward arguments. One tactic consisted of simply perusing the shelves of the local Barnes and Noble bookstore in Huntsville. Williams' lawyers easily found such salacious reading as *Our Bodies, Ourselves* and *The Complete Guide to Women's Health*. Another tactic was to find sexperts to sit in a Huntsville courtroom and say that women jilling off with vibrators was okay. One expert they found, Huntsville psychologist Alfred Turner, had in fact previously prescribed vibrators for his patients.

JACKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

An ACLU lawsuit is not cheap. According to Williams, her suit against the Alabama attorney general officially cost $75,000. The actual figure may be closer to $100,000, because the ACLU, in its bid to establish some case precedents, donated labor on top of what it billed. For others in the case, the cost was much higher. Mike Frees, the lawyer who put Sherri on the road to legal history, was asked to resign from a 15-year partnership. He has since hung up his own shingle.

The ACLU was so interested in Williams' case because of the precendents they hoped to establish, and because of the implications her suit had for the rest of the United States. Can it happen elsewhere? According to Good Vibrations co-owner and director Carol Queen, yes. On May 7, 1999, the sex-toy store held a press conference to celebrate Williams' legal victory, and announce a Masturbate-a-thon in honor of the cause. (They had also supported Williams' cause earlier by providing a discount to all Alabama residents.) The conference's keynote speaker, Carol Queen, sounded a warning call to anyone with a stake in sexual freedom. Any attempt anywhere to regulate women's sexual needs is one that must be stopped, Queen noted, and Williams's case is evidence that yes, we can fight back. "We need to oppose any government intervention in our bedrooms. We can't just sit here and enjoy our freedom in San Francisco. We want San Franciscans to think about this issue, and give Sherri a platform for her cause."

As noted in the beginning of this story, the fight for women's right to come continues. As of this writing, Attorney General Pryor is appealing to the 11th U.S. Circuit Court to overturn the decision of *Williams vs. Pryor,* for reasons unknown. If that happens, the final decision will be up to the Supreme Court. The biggest danger is that the overturning of *Williams vs. Pryor* will set a legal precedent for other conservative states to follow. Remember that the vibrator laws started as a simple change to an existing law, not as new legislation. With very little effort, lawmakers in other states could establish laws very similar to Alabama's. This time, however, Sherri Williams has found a way to pack more of a wallop into her legal battles: she's gone from fighting the laws as written to helping to write new laws to replace them.

Recently, Williams made some important decisions. One was to move from retail into wholesale, supplying other vendors with adult toys, rather than selling her own. The other was to create a new support organization for sex toy sellers: the X-Toys Coalition, or XTC for short (surf over to www.mypleasures.com). Williams intended XTC as political lobbying group and information clearing house for kinky retailers; she said she started it because she doesn't want to see others go through the same hell she did. As a thank-you gesture to the ACLU, every time a retailer joins XTC, they automatically become an ACLU member. "When I started out, there was no unity in the industry," she explains. "The adult industry has come under attack. It's now time we pulled together as a group." The members of XTC are currently involved in putting together "corrective legislation" to replace the woman-hating vibrator amendment and seeking a sponsor to put it through the Alabama legislature.

Stay tuned.

continued from page 31

BLUE SUIT

cascade of blue-black silken hair over her shoulders. I'm mesmerized by the waves of black before me that I've only imagined late at night as I jacked off. What I didn't ever imagine was what she did next. Her butterfly hand with a flash held the silver stick firmly with the point planted solidly on my jugular.

"So, are you going to give it to me or not? If you don't have the balls to do it, get out of here right now and I don't ever want to see you again." The stick is still in my neck. Then she moves the femme weapon away from my throat as if challenging me to make a decision. In desperation—not entirely knowing what to do with this new turn of events—I wrap my arms around her and kiss her as if my life depended on it. I think it did.

Her lips are burning hot...not cold as I thought they'd be. Her body seems so slight in my arms. God, she smells divine! Her painted mouth bites back at me, eating my kisses as fiercely as I give them. I hear the stick drop to the floor. Her hands force my jacket off and tug at my belt. Keeping one arm wrapped around her, I use my other to assist. The belt buckle undone, the fly now undone, her hand gropes in my boxers. Somehow her small body manages to push me down to the floor where I sit unzipped, horny as hell and looking up at her straddling me. She unzips her skirt behind her back and it slides down her lean legs. She's wearing stockings and a garter belt. Did she always wear stockings and a garter belt? Next thing I know she's taken off her postage-stamp-sized underwear and is standing demandingly before me. I must look like a scared schoolboy to her.

Something snaps inside of me. I think it's the scent of her pussy finally registering with my brain. I lean forward and nuzzle her mound, covered in a fine layer of silky straight Asian pube hair. Her musk is divine. My tongue reaches out to taste her. She thrusts into me. I drink from her hungrily, holding her ass cheeks in each hand. I can hear her sighs. I can feel her grinding into me. God, she's soaking wet! I could have drank from her for hours, no, days...but she pulls away.

I would have begged her to let me keep going. The only thing that stopped me from the indignity of begging was her swift hand pulling out my black silicone dick, already condom covered and ready for action. Noting my preparedness, she grins and then laughs at me. My God, she's laughing! Before I knew what was happening she took all of me into her. I feel her weight crashing down on me and a wave of heat rushes through my body. I hold onto her soft thighs in an effort to affirm that I'm really here. She's taking me and my dick. She's kissing me with abandon. My hips thrust up to meet each stroke. My cunt is so wet and hot that I must have steam rising from my crotch. Her black silk hair flies through the air. A silver streak of sweat runs down her cheek. A strand of hair clings to her flushed face.

I always wanted to see her sweat.

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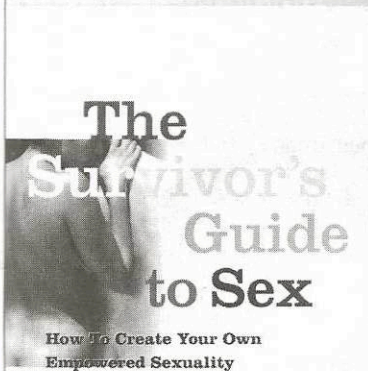
— **Athena Douris, *On Our Backs***



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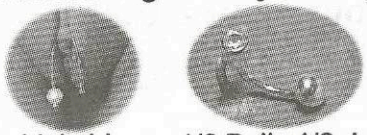

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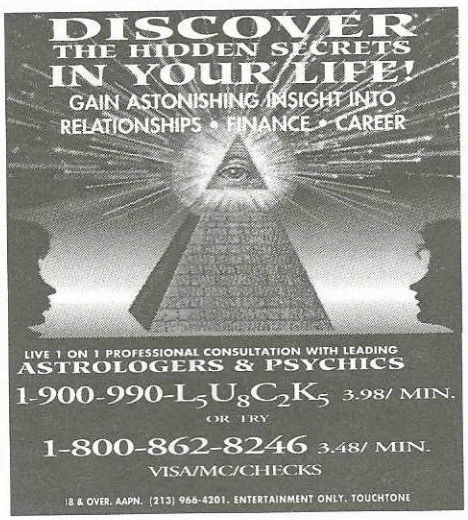

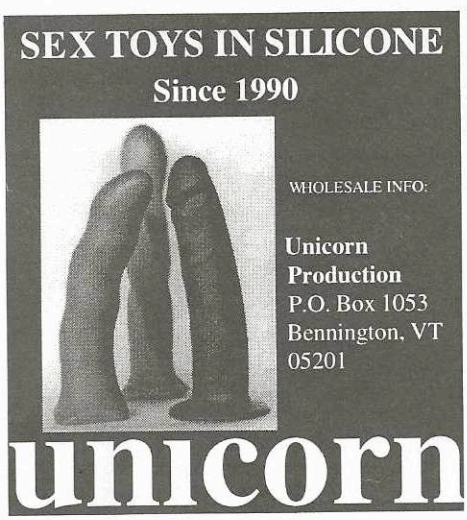

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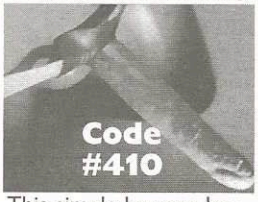

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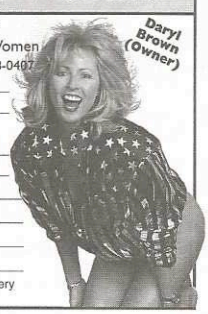

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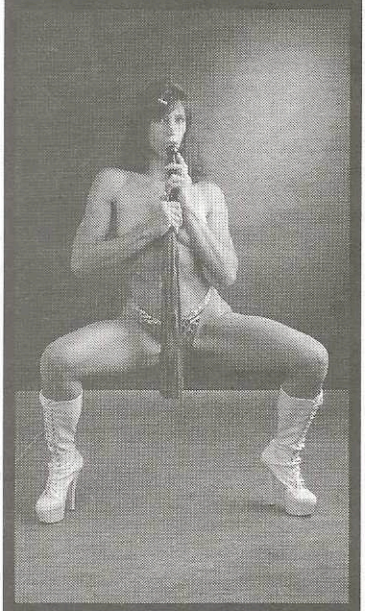

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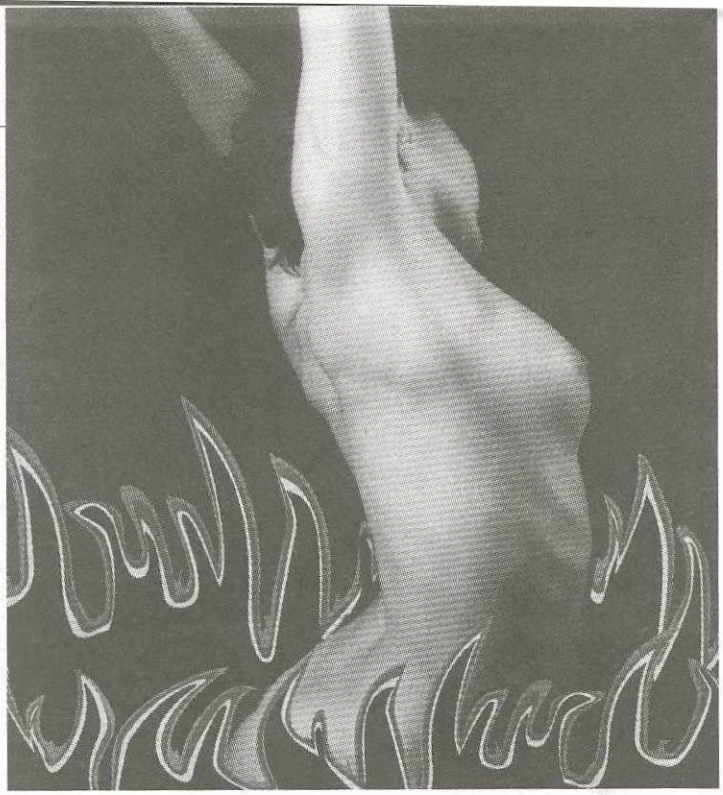

Fags and drags don't have the monopoly on flaming. Females have long been labeled volatile, even combustible. *Taboos* are hot—and aren't we taught that playing with fire is dangerous and taboo? Fire is hot; it's the embodiment of passion and thing of power with a life of its own. It must be treated with absolute respect.

What in blue blazes am I babbling about? Fireplay, or flash-and-burn. It's putting flammable liquid on skin, lighting it, and allowing it to burn—bright, blue, and briefly. We're not talkin' the Human Torch or anything—just people who have the hots for each other, some household items, common sense, and the following suggestions. As with any other intense activity, I recommend trying this on yourself before sharing your burning desire. Also, **please read the instructions several times before starting, and practice on skinless chicken breasts before trying the real thing. You're playing with fire here!**

1 **Assemble Your Ingredients.** You'll need **(A)** a fairly large bowl/bucket/pan of water; **(B)** isopropyl (rubbing) alcohol; **(C)** squirt bottles for alcohol and water (I prefer to use a squirt bottle for applying alcohol to cotton balls; you can also loosen the lid a little, using the bottle as a dispenser); **(D)** cotton balls or pads; **(E)** an incendiary device that can be used with one hand [Note: matches and candles should be avoided because they take two hands. Also, avoid refillable lighters of all types. They use naphtha or butane—both extremely flammable—and make for potential mini-bombs in the presence of open flame. Bic-type lighters work well; the trigger-handled ones are nice and easier to control. They also keep the flamer's hand (which might just have some residual alcohol on it) away from the source of ignition; **(F)** clean towels and cloths, both wet and dry; **(G)** a fire extinguisher (this isn't necessary, but you might as well); **(H)** her.

2 **Prepare Your Tender Tinder.** Burning hair smells...interesting. If you savor that scent, don't shave her. If your Her is too hirsute, shaving easily translates into foreplay. For some, just the sight of a straight razor elicits a cunt clench. Razor burn doesn't count as fireplay; but it *does* count as open skin. Open skin means bodily fluids, which mandates protection. Besides, have you ever put alcohol in an open wound (on yourself and on purpose, anyway?) If she's prone to shaving reactions, use a depilatory cream to get her fur-free. Make certain to remove **all** of the cream with soap and water. A nice warm shower or bath makes for thorough cleanliness and a soothing, intimate transition from the business of denuding your darling to getting down to business. While she's naked and wet, check for any open skin, cuts, scratches, abrasions, or bruises; those areas shouldn't be burned.

3 **Prepare Fire Protection.** Use rolled wet towels as firewalls, protecting hands, feet, face, and any other nonsmoking area. Cunts and ass cheeks are fun to play with because they're soooo sensitive, but take extra care to extinguish *quickly*, especially where there are folds of skin. As long as you avoid open skin, it's okay to flame over tattoos. Avoid piercings; the metal may heat up and cause invisible but serious burns. Bellies, breasts and backs? Sublime.

4 **Think Fast. Get ready to act swiftly; alcohol evaporates *fast*. You have to follow all the steps below—apply the alcohol, wipe any excess off of your hand, grab a lighter, torch your "pyromour," and extinguish her flaming flesh—all within a matter of seconds. Practice makes perfect; as mentioned above, hone your technique on some skinless chicken breasts. Okay, here goes:**

a) Put alcohol on a cotton ball. It should be saturated, not dripping.

b) Use it to draw a line, dot, your initials—whatever you feel competent with—on your flamee's body. Start small and work up. The more intricate the design, the harder to control the flame. You'll know when there's enough on her; it should look shiny-wet, not dripping. Use a damp cloth to erase any alcohol that went outside the lines and wipe your own hand quickly with a clean rag to remove any residuel fuel.

c) Light from the bottom of the design, and watch the flame run, or light it towards center and watch her come alight. Either way, the flame should only be allowed to burn for an instant.

d) To cease the sizzle, follow the flame with your hand or damp cloth, putting the fire out well before it can do damage.

5 **Cool Her Down.** Ice cubes on freshly flame-kissed skin produce a delectably intense sensation. So will a mist of cool water, to a lesser degree. Try putting on some more alcohol, but don't light it. Anything that has an effect on skin—minty stuff, warming lotions, astringents—will produce fascinating results (but should not be ignited!).

6 **Afterglow.** When the heat of passion is spent, wrap her in something warm and cozy. Despite recent flames, she may have a chill from the evaporated alcohol and/or endorphin crash. Keep her warm, and give her water. Flash and burn doesn't mean a flash in the pan; this may be the moment to draw her into your fire.

SAFETY TIPS

- *Never EVER* use cigarettes, aerosol propellants, oils, or booze; they burn too hot and are hard to control.
- Repeated burns in the same area can result in serious injury, from blisters to third-degree burns. Aloe vera gels and sprays are good for minor burns; for anything more serious, see physician.
- The effects of flash and burn are more spectacular in low light, but give yourself enough illumination to work by.
- Kid's flame-retardant pajamas are great for the flaming enthusiast; cut them into useful sizes.
- Eliminate fire hazards by immediately putting all waste in a can with some water in it.

DANGER SIGNS

- Redness or inflammation that doesn't fade or gets worse within 24 hours; blisters, or skin that oozes fluid of any type. Severe burns require immediate medical attention. If you're wondering if you need medical attention, you probably do.
- Seeing yourself ablaze can be frightening; risks run from the minor embarrassment of having the piss scared out of you to cardiopulmonary distress. I've only *heard* of one heart attack as a result of a fire scene, and that was only hearsay. I suppose a heart attack is possible, but it's way the hell unlikely.
- Going to have sex later? Remember that latex, rubber, and other petroleum-based materials are not only flammable, they burn **hot**. Be sure to use those only *after* your fire scene.

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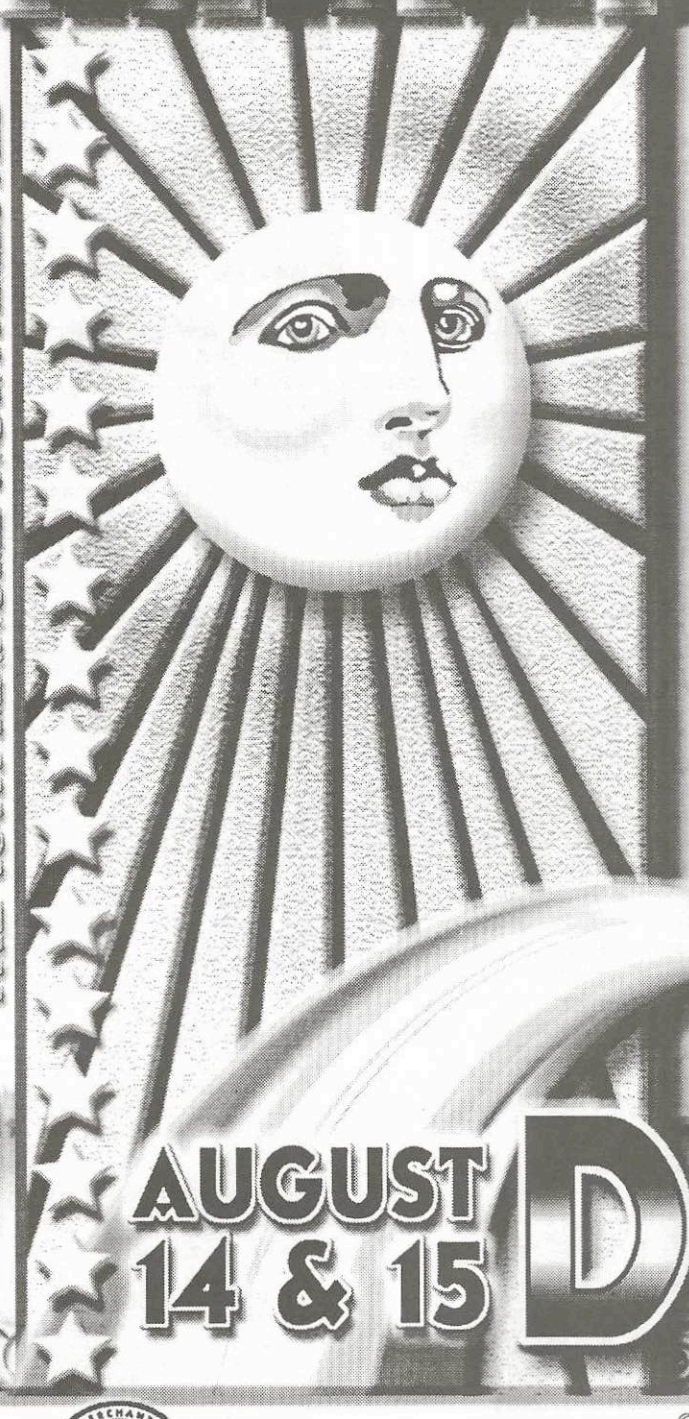

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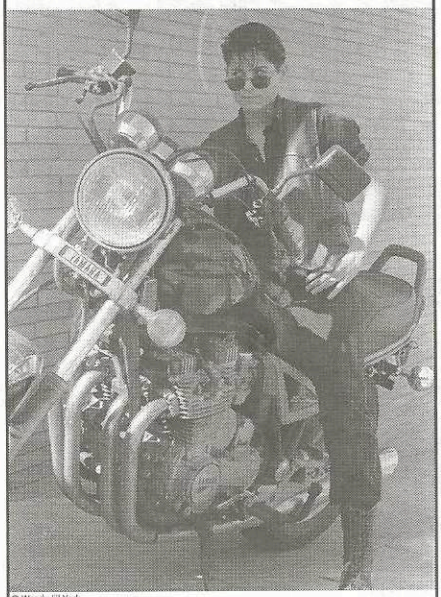

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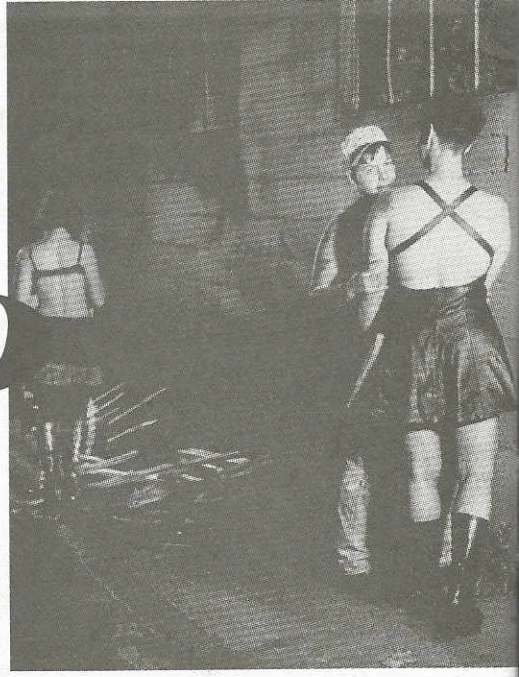
back talk

Why Do You Like Casual Sex?

Compiled by Lindsay McClune



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

I like the total lack of responsibility. Not that the sex is unsafe; I'm always carrying around condoms and gloves and all that. But sex has a different flavor to it when I know I won't be seeing the person again. I feel freer to try things I wouldn't with my girlfriend. There isn't that sense of "Oh, right, she doesn't do that, or doesn't like it that way." In a way, the sex turns into this social experiment in which there's little emotional baggage attached if something gets goofed up or someone says no to something. I turn into a different person. Afterwards I usually end up thinking, "Wow! Did I do that?" *Felix*

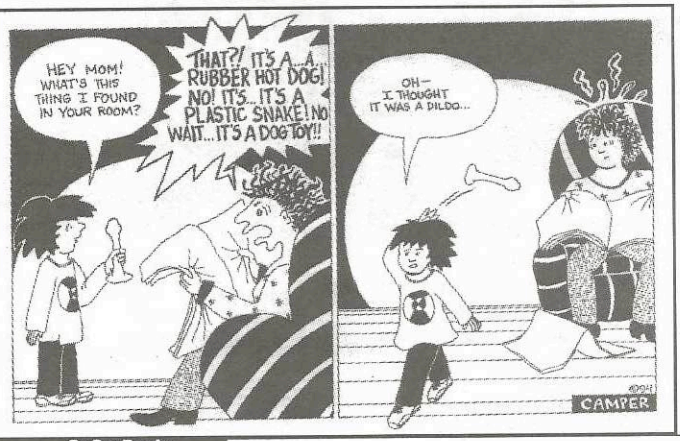
Ego building is the main reason I want casual sex. To be able to pick a woman up and take her for a time of pleasure sure does help build up your confidence. Then to meet that same woman later in a bar and have her tell her new lover that you were the best she ever had—that doesn't hurt. *Dorothy*

I went home with a woman I had met once, and never spoke to her again. In retrospect, I doubt it would have happened if I hadn't downed a half a bottle of wine and several cognacs on our date. Still, the sex was incredible—I felt totally free to tell her all the disgusting things I wanted done to me. The next morning, my ass was black and blue, I had a black eye, several scratches, and a grin I couldn't shake. Nevertheless, I felt like a complete whore a few hours later, and proceeded to spill my guts to the world. And I felt terrible the next day, when I had dinner with the woman I was actually dating. But it's a fond memory, and if I had the chance, I'd do it again. Twice. *Lily*

I was a teenager in the 1970s, so I was surrounded by people who were experimenting with casual sex. I thought it was completely normal. Later, when I had one-night stands, I found them to be empowering as a woman. I still think they're great, even though I have fewer now. It's a great way to exercise your sexual prowess! *Gina*

When I was in high school, casual sex seemed like the only thing available. Whenever a friend's parents were out of town we would throw a big drunken party. We would drink, flirt, and sleep a little too close. At one of these parties this girl and I nuzzled up to each other. Everyone was in such a drunken stupor, they didn't know what was going on. It was so hot to be having sex with some girl without needing to discuss it before or after. Because it was so casual, there was nothing to deal with after. It was almost as if it never happened at all—except that remembering it was fuel for fantasies and many orgasms to come. *Emily*

I find casual sex hard to get, but when it happens–oooh. It's so hot to know that, first of all, somebody could get wet for just my body (not just my dirty little mind). Plus, I won't owe my partner-of-the-moment a thing after we're through. That can be so refreshing! *Pauline*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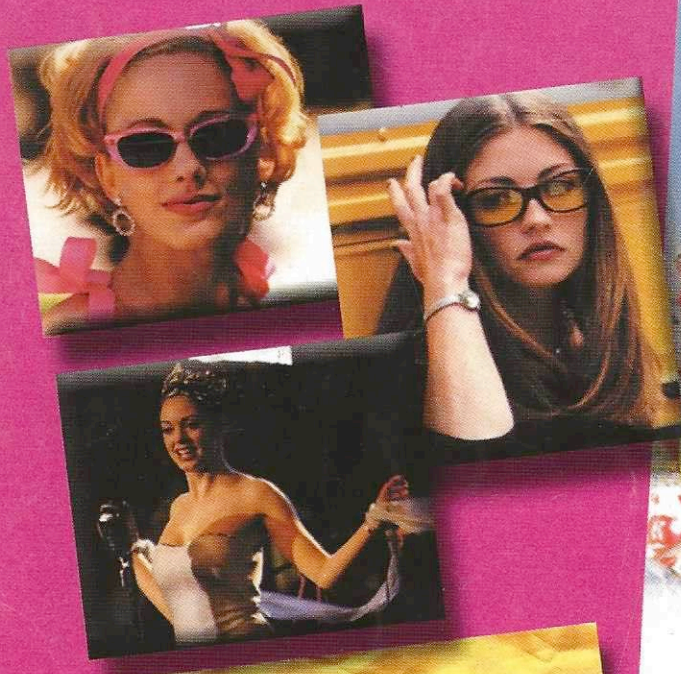

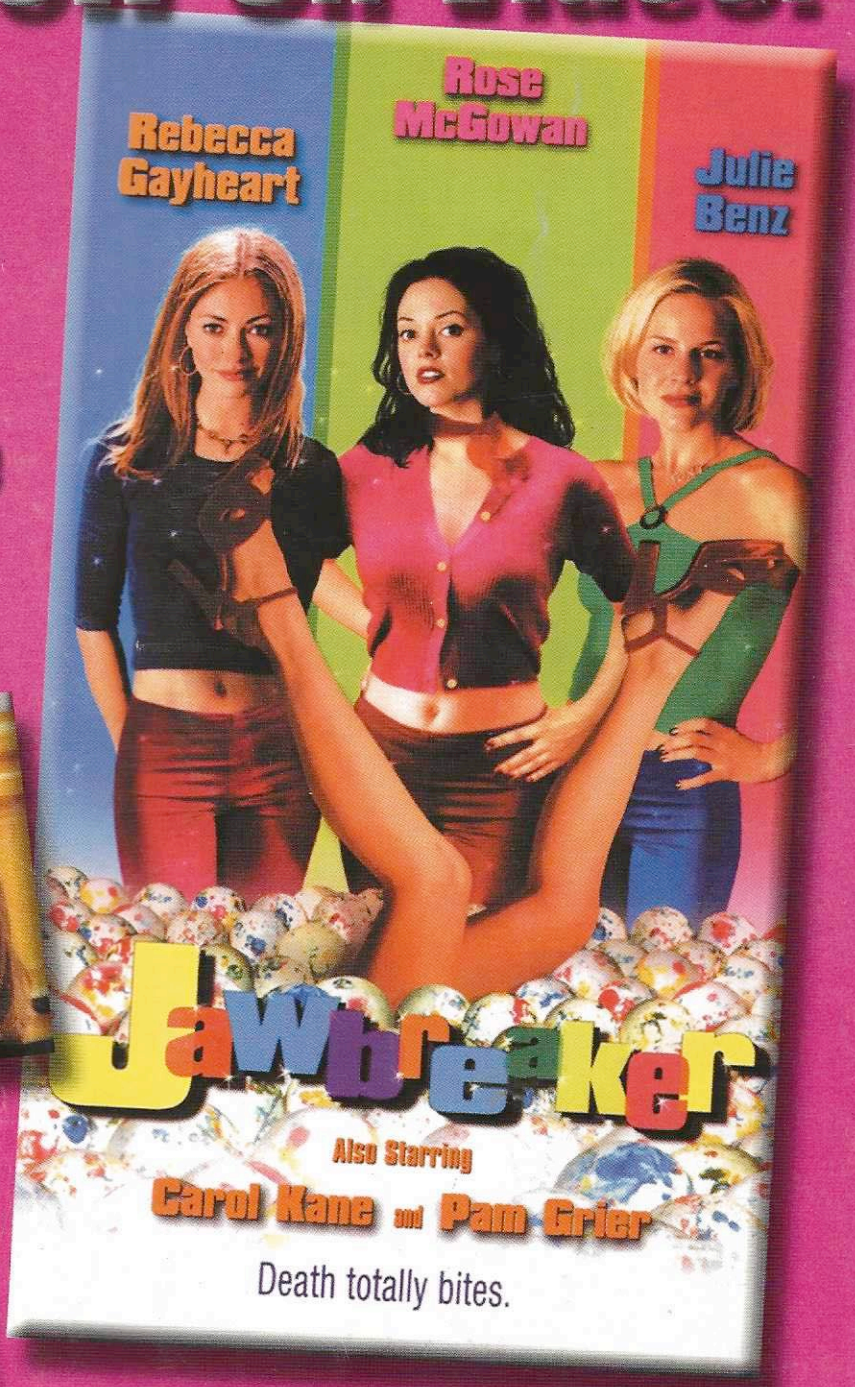

To Do List:
1. Pick up liz's homework.
2. Turn in algebra assignment.
3. Lunch with foxy.
4. Ditch the body.

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